

The Daily Mirror.

No. 7.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1903.

One Penny.

FUR GARMENTS.

FURS.

FEATHER STOLES.

Furriers to
Their Majesties
the
King and Queen.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY are "Manufacturing Furriers." Every fur garment offered by them for sale has been made in their own factories. By buying the skins in the raw state all intermediate profits are saved, whilst their position as "Royal Furriers" is a guarantee of the skill and excellence of their workpeople.

Furriers to
H.R.H.
The Princess
of Wales.

Furs.

		PRICES	
		from	
FUR RUSSIAN BLOUSE COATS.			
Caracul Kid	...	£10	0 0
Russian Pony	...	12	0 0
Grey Squirrel	...	12	0 0
Mole Musquash	...	14	0 0
Seal Musquash	...	18	0 0
Moleskin	...	30	0 0
Mink	...	30	0 0
Sealskin	...	30	0 0
FUR SACQUE JACKETS.			
Caracul Kid	...	12	0 0
Russian Pony	...	15	0 0
Grey Squirrel	...	15	0 0
Mole Musquash	...	20	0 0
Seal Musquash	...	22	0 0
Moleskin	...	40	0 0
Mink	...	40	0 0
Sealskin	...	40	0 0
FUR CAPES.			
Tartar Sable	...	36	0 0
Mink	...	40	0 0
Ermine	...	85	0 0
Chinchilla	...	100	0 0
Sable	...	110	0 0

Furs.

				PRICES	
				from	
FUR LONG STOLES.					
Grey Opossum	£2	0 0
Grey Lamb	3	10 0
Grey Squirrel	8	0 0
Mole Musquash	6	0 0
Moleskin	7	10 0
Mink	9	0 0
Marten	12	0 0
Sable	26	0 0
White or Blue Fox	6	0 0
FUR MOTOR COATS.					
Leather-lined Hamster	6	16 6
" " Squirrel	9	0 0
" " Genet	11	0 0
" " Musquash	11	0 0
" " Opossum	13	10 0
Marbled Sealskin	11	10 0
Russian Pony	11	10 0
FUR CARRIAGE RUGS ...					
				6	0 0
GENT'S FUR-LINED COATS ...					
				10	0 0
LADIES' FUR-LINED COATS ...					
				8	0 0
SPECIALITY. Pointed Fox Boas ...					
				3	7 6

Feather Stoles.

NATURAL MARABOUT STOLES.			PRICES
Four rows, 2½ yards long	£0 16 6
Four " 2½ "	1 1 0
Four " 3 "	1 9 6
Six " 2½ "	1 15 6
BLACK MARABOUT STOLES.			
Four rows, 2½ yards long	0 16 6
Four " 2½ "	1 1 0
Four " 3 "	1 9 6
Six " 2½ "	1 15 6
WHITE MARABOUT STOLES.			
Four rows, 2½ yards long	1 9 6
Four " 2½ "	1 19 6
MOLE MARABOUT STOLES.			
Four rows, 2½ yards long	1 19 6
MARABOUT STOLE CAPES.			
In Natural or Black	1 1 0
WHITE CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLES.			
Four rows, 2½ yards long	1 1 0
WHITE CLIPPED OSTRICH CAPES.			
Large and full, for evening wear	2 9 6
MARABOUT FEATHER MUFFS <td>0 16 6</td>			0 16 6

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The leading articles deal in an independent and unconventional spirit with the chief matters of political, economic, and general interest.

Other articles treat of literary, theological, social, and artistic questions, and discuss interesting and curious aspects of natural history and country life.

Books of special interest and importance are dealt with in the long reviews, while the shorter notices give in a compressed form the judgment of equally competent critics on contemporary literature.

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[NAME THIS PAPER.]

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: foggy at first; fair afternoon; rain at night. Lighting up time for all vehicles, 5.21.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, smooth to moderate; North Sea, smooth; Irish Channel, rather rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Monday, Nov. 9, 1903.

313th Day of Year.

52 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ...	15 22 29 ...	6 13
Mon. ...	9 16 23 30 ...	7 14
Tues. ...	10 17 24 ...	1 8 15
Wed. ...	11 18 25 ...	2 9 16
Thurs. ...	12 19 26 ...	3 10 17
Fri. ...	13 20 27 ...	4 11 18
Sat. ...	14 21 28 ...	5 12 19

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The King.

That is a kindly custom by which, on the anniversary of a birthday, we bring gifts and good wishes to the friend upon whom Time has left his annual *carte de visite*. To KING EDWARD, whose birthday is celebrated to-day, we offer our duty for the first time; but we hope to have that privilege on many future occasions, when we are better known to his Majesty. It is but a commonplace to say that every class, every shade of opinion represented in this vast Empire is united in a warm esteem for one who is loved and honoured as a king no less than admired and respected as a man.

And we pray that Time, the "sunderer of companies," may long withhold his hand from the severance of that community of interests, that bond of affection and hope, that partnership in joy and sorrow, which to-day so closely and so powerfully unites KING EDWARD and his people.

Ladies and gentlemen, the KING!

C.O.D.

Among the numerous possible future developments of our excellent postal service the cash on delivery parcels post is one of the most important from the woman's point of view. Everyone will appreciate the advantage of being able, on reading the advertisement of any particular article, to write off for it, without the trouble of purchasing a post office order, and to hand the money to the postman on delivery. The system is simplicity itself. It is in vogue in Germany, and even in India where, indeed, the Post Office is more advanced than our own. It has greatly facilitated the ease and comfort of housekeeping in many other countries, and there is no reason why it should not do so here, were our own Post Office to adopt it.

That it would be a particular boon to readers of this journal is obvious, for we find that the circulation of the paper is developing itself in a marked degree in country houses and in distant towns, whose inhabitants like the atmosphere of London which our little journal brings each morning; and to be able to shop in the Metropolis, and the great cities, by post-card or by telegram, paying on the arrival of the postman with the goods, would be to the mutual advantage of merchant and customer.

It is said that there is opposition on the part of lesser known traders, who fear that custom will be diverted from its present channels to others. That this might be so in some cases is probable, but we decline to think that the change will be general. These same traders told us some years ago that the "stores" would ruin them. To a certain extent the "stores" did disturb the balance of custom, but to nothing like the degree that was anticipated, and as a matter of fact, considering the notoriously bad condition of the business of the country at the present time, our tradesmen are prospering quite as well as most of our other business people, and a great deal better than many.

What is wanted at the present time is an organisation having as its object the demonstration of the advantages of this postal scheme.

Much has been written on the subject, and almost all that has been written has been favourable. The Post Office officials have declared their willingness to undertake the great burden of developing a department for this purpose, but they insist, and rightly, on strong evidence of public feeling in favour of the project before committing themselves to it. That evidence could easily be secured by a well-equipped league of sympathisers with the movement.

Court

Sandringham, November 7.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales visited their Majesties this afternoon.

Her Royal Highness Princess Charles of Denmark, attended by Lady Clementine Walsh, dined with the King and Queen this evening.

Count de Leyden (German Minister at Stockholm), the right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Lieut.-General Sir A. Lyttelton Annesley, Sir Allen Young, Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Harrington (British Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to the Court of Menelik II., King of Kings of Ethiopia), and Chevalier de Martino have arrived at Sandringham.

Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Harrington delivered to his Majesty, on the part of King Menelik, the 1st Class of the Star of Solomon.

Professor Tuxen has left Sandringham.

Circular.

Sunday, Nov. 8.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Edward of Wales, the Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark, their Majesties' guests, and the Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting, attended Divine service at Sandringham Church this morning.

The Rev. Canon Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the King, officiated, and the Bishop of Ripon preached the sermon.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, dined with their Majesties this evening.

The Rev. Canon Hervey, Mrs. and Miss Alexandra Hervey had the honour of being invited.

Marlborough House, November 7.

The Princess of Wales, attended by Lady Lamington, left for York Cottage, Sandringham.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

Two Baronetcies and seventeen Knight-hoods, as well as many minor promotions appear in the King's Birthday honours list.

Rumours are current in Rome that the Tsar will visit Italy in the spring, choosing Venice as the meeting place with the King of Italy.

An authoritative statement at Belgrade declares that the rumour of King Peter's contemplated abdication from the Serbian throne in his son's favour is unfounded.

Lord Rosebery at Leicester, on Saturday, sent a "message of peace" to the Liberal party, saying "let bygones be bygones," and urging all to stand shoulder to shoulder to resist the mad and dangerous experiment of protection.

Washington Presbyterians have represented that the treaty rights of missionaries in the Congo Free State are being violated. President Roosevelt is taking the matter up.

Memorial services for the late Mrs. Booth-Tucker were held in London by the Salvation Army yesterday. In the evening, Mrs. Bramwell-Booth directed a long procession over which the "Army" and American Flags floated.

Imports for last month, according to Board of Trade returns just issued, show an increased value of nearly a million on those of October, 1902, and exports an increase of nearly three-quarters of a million.

Three men were killed during the French automobile hill-climbing contests from Rouen to Paris yesterday.

Non-Russian vessels arriving at Port Arthur will in future pay twelve times the tonnage dues charged on Russian ships.

Games of living bridge were carried out on Saturday at Bournemouth Winter Gardens.

A second fire, causing damage to the amount of £30,000 to the Distillery Company's premises, occurred in Glasgow on Saturday evening.

The German Emperor has undergone a successful operation for the removal of a polypus from the larynx.

The whole of the French Northern Squadron will accompany the King of Italy from Cherbourg into English waters.

Mr. Benson, son of the late archbishop, who recently joined the Church of Rome, and who is studying for his priesthood, was received by the Pope yesterday, and was permitted to kiss the hand of His Holiness.

There is already an enormous demand for tickets for Mr. Chamberlain's Leeds meeting on December 21.

Lord Rosebery took an active part as a fireman in subduing an outbreak at his racing stables, the Durdans, Epsom, last evening.

The New York Cotton Market became "absolutely wild" on learning that there would be a deficiency of 2,000,000 bales, compared with last year, in the cotton crop.

The death is announced of William Lukens Elkins, the capitalist and steel magnate of Philadelphia.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the retiring British Ambassador at Madrid, presented his letters of recall, and left for England.

"L'Entente Cordiale" will be further strengthened by the formation of a club, with premises in Paris and in London, where commercial men of the two countries can meet.

Lord Derby, as Chancellor, inaugurated Liverpool University on Saturday.

The Penryn quarry strike, which has lasted over three years, has been virtually ended by a vote of the men, without the concession of one of the strikers' demands by Lord Penryn.

A Bulgarian band, crossing the Turkish frontier near Raslog, has had a skirmish with Turkish troops, one Bulgarian being killed and three Turks wounded.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The Court.

Celebration of the King's Birthday.

Social Functions.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) opens a café chantant in aid of the Police-court Mission, Kensington Town Hall, 3.

The Royal Warrant Holders' Association Banquet, Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole.

Lord Mayor's Day: Procession and banquet at Guildhall.

To-day's Wedding.

Lord Farrer, of Abinger Hall, Dorking, Surrey, and Miss Evangeline Knox, younger daughter of Mr. Octavius Henry Knox, of Corrig, County Limerick, J.P., Limerick.

Art.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes's Collection of Whistler's etchings at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester-square.

Society of Portrait Painters: Exhibition at the Royal Gallery.

Golf.

First Monthly Golf Medal—Ranelagh.

General.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh in Glasgow.

Sale.

Furs at Debenham and Freebody's; Wigmore-street.

Music.

Mdme. Blauvelt's concert, St. James's Hall, 3.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

Royalty, "Kaltwasser," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

NO NEW PEER IN THE LIST OF HONOURS.

TWO BARONETS—MANY KNIGHTS.

The King's birthday honours list was issued last evening. In view of the length of the two previous lists of honours it was anticipated that the present one would be shorter than usual, and the expectation is realised. A notable circumstance in the case of the principle list—that issued by the Prime Minister—is the fact that not a single new peer, no new member of the Privy Council, no G.C.B. and no K.C.B. is included in it.

BARONETCIES.

The following is the Prime Minister's list:—Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P.

Born in 1837. Conservative member for Salford since 1888. Is a D.L. and Lieutenant-colonel 3rd V.B. Lancashire Fusiliers.

Colonel John E. Bingham.

Honorary colonel of 1st V.B. Yorkshire (West Riding) Regiment.

KNIGHTHOODS.

Mr. J. G. Craggs.

Hon. secretary of the King Edward's Hospital Fund.

Mr. Robert Kennaway Douglas.

Keeper of Oriental Printed books and MSS. at the British Museum, and Professor of Chinese at King's College, London.

Mr. Ernest Flower, M.P.

Represents the Western Division of Bradford, and is a member of the London School Board.

Professor Clement Le Neve Foster, F.R.S.

Editor of the General Reports and Statistics relating to Mines and Quarries at the Home Office. Has been Professor of Mining at the Royal School of Mines since 1890.

Mr. H. A. Giffard, K.C.

Barrister of Guernsey since 1902.

Mr. Charles Holroyd.

Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers.

Mr. John MacDonell, C.B.

Master of the Supreme Court since 1890. Is Vice-president of the Royal Statistical Society.

Was appointed Quin Professor of Comparative Law at University College, London, in 1901.

Mr. August Manns.

Born in Germany in 1825. Musical Director of the Crystal Palace since 1884. Conducted the Handel festivals from 1883 until this year.

Mr. Alan Reeve Manby, M.V.O.

Surgeon Apothecary to his Majesty the King, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham.

Mr. Harry S. Samuel, M.P.

Represents the Limehouse Division in the Conservative interest. Was a partner in Montefiore and Co. until 1886.

Mr. Charles Scarisbrick.

Large property owner in Southport, and mayor of that town in 1902.

His Honour Judge Thomas W. Snagge.

Born in 1837 in Dublin. Called to the Bar in 1864. Enjoys privileges of member of the U.S. Bar.

Conducted inquiry, which led to passing Criminal Law Amendment Act in 1885. Judge of County Court 1883.

Mr. W. H. V. Vernon.

Barrister of Jersey born in 1822. Admitted to Inner Temple 1871. Attorney-General of Jersey 1885.

The Hon. Francis B. Suttor.

President of the Legislative Council of State of New South Wales, and has filled several public offices in that Colony. He has been Attorney-General, Minister of Public Instruction, and representative of the Colony at the Colonial Conference.

Mr. Edward Dundas Holroyd.

Justice Judge in Victoria, also senior member of the Supreme Court Bench of the State.

Mr. Nathaniel Nathan.

On retirement as Attorney-General of Trinidad and Tobago. He is a barrister who has been Resident Magistrate in St. Thomas, Jamaica, and Kingston.

Mr. Henry Katz Davson.

Formerly a member of Court of Policy in British Guiana; now the energetic deputy-chairman of the West India Committee.

ADMIRALTY LIST.

The following list of appointments to, and promotions in, the Most Honourable Order of the Bath was issued from the Admiralty:—

G.C.B.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Arthur George Bridge, K.C.B., late Commander-in-Chief China Station.

K.C.B.

Admiral Algernon Frederick Rous de Horsey.

Admiral Albert Hastings Markham.

Vice-Admiral John Fellows, C.B.

Vice-Admiral the Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford, K.C.V.O., C.B. (Senior Officer in Command of the Channel Fleet).

COLONIAL OFFICE LIST.

The list of honors issued from the Colonial Office announces the promotion in the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George of the Hon. Augustus Charles Gregory, member of the Legislative Council of Queensland, to be K.C.M.G.; and notifies twenty new appointments; comprising public men, various colonists, and officers and civilians who have rendered services as, for instance—Mr. Thomas John Pittar, Commissioner of Customs, for services in connection with the Sugar Convention. Mr. Louis Philippe Hébert, Canadian artist and sculptor, is also appointed a C.M.G., as well as Mr. H. B. Lefroy, Agent-General for Western Australia.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

MOTOR-CAR TRAGEDY.

FATALITIES AT HILL-CLIMBING CONTESTS IN FRANCE.

THREE MEN KILLED.

The automobile hill-climbing contests at Gaillon, on the main road from Rouen to Paris, organised by the "Auto," was the scene yesterday of two terrible accidents, three men losing their lives and another being seriously hurt.

The meeting, which was a "flying start" one, had been looked forward to with great interest, a number of English visitors having gone over to France specially to witness the racing. The distance of the trials was one kilometre up the famous hill of Sainte-Barbe, where the gradient varies between one in fourteen and one in ten, and the chief item of interest was the attack to be made by the heavy cars upon the local record of thirty-six seconds, held by the Gardner-Serpellet machine. What a terrible end came to the trials may be gathered from the following story telegraphed by our special correspondent last night.

Fog Perhaps to Blame.

"Two terrible fatalities," he wires, "marred the hill-climbing contests at Gaillon. The start had been delayed owing to a thick fog, and Danjon, the winner on Thursday last, of the flying kilometre at Dourdan, where he beat all records, was making a trial trip. In attempting to avoid a car driven by Brasier, which was turning just in front of him, his car was upset into a ditch.

"Danjon was at once carried into a house close by, but nothing could be done for him, and he died an hour later without recovering consciousness.

A Broken-hearted Vow.

"Brasier, the driver of the other car, is broken-hearted at the tragedy, and vows that he will never drive a motor-car again. It will be remembered that it was he who killed a child in the Paris-Berlin race.

"The second accident occurred at Boumères, just before Gaillon. Five Serpellet mechanics were running downhill in one of the Serpellet cars, just outside Boumères, when, in making a turn, they smashed into a tree. One man, Lambert, was killed on the spot, another was picked up in a dying condition, and a third is injured, but not very seriously.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF FLORENCE.

Mussini, a young Florentine painter, has disappeared, leaving letters announcing his intention to do away with himself. This occurred on Saturday.

Mussini and a friend fell in love with the same young lady, an English girl, who, with her family, is spending the winter in Florence. Mussini and his friend, following the Italian custom, both proposed to the father instead of to the girl; and, very naturally, they were refused. The stern parent refused them the house. The rivals fell to arguing; they quarrelled; Mussini challenged his friend to a duel—and was again refused. His friend would not fight.

Instead of saying "Thank you," the young Florentine painter rushed excitedly away, and has not been seen since Saturday. Truly a change has come over Florentine painting since the spacious days of Fra Lippo Lippi.

IN DEFENCE OF THE LILIES.

For as many thousand years as this old world has lasted the lily has bloomed fairest and purest of God's flowers. We have been bidden to consider her, we have been forbidden to paint her, poets have borrowed her beauties for their verse, young maidens have heightened their loveliness and grace with the flower more lovely and graceful even than they. Pure as she is fair the lily has stood for spotlessness. And now after all these years, comes a Swiss doctor, who tells us she is a "deadly poisonous plant"; that she contains prussic acid, that blood-poisoning comes from her stalk, and birds die from her flowers, that she is unclean and dangerous.

Perhaps they may believe it in Switzerland, where they overrate the edelweiss in a perfectly preposterous manner; but for our part we say, "Perish the Swiss doctor, we will have none of him"; we hope a tiger-lily will bite him.

THE OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND.

Two British brigades under General Manning and Colonel Fasken are concentrating at Kinet and to the South, and a resumption of operations against the Mullah in Somaliland seems imminent. The nature of these operations is kept a close secret by the military authorities.

LORD CURZON'S TOUR.

To welcome Lord Curzon during his tour along the Persian Gulf this month great preparations are being made (Reuter telegraphs) at Bushire, and the Shah has sent as his Majesty's representative the Governor of Kermanshah. The Viceroy will hold durbars at Muscat (which he visits about November 18) and at Sharqah, also at Pasmí—this being the last place on the itinerary.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

OPERATION FOR POLYPUS IN THE LARYNX.

THE OFFICIAL BULLETINS.

The German Emperor has undergone an operation for the removal of a polypus from the larynx. The operation was performed by Professor Moritz Schmidt, and is declared in the first official bulletin subsequently issued to have been "most successful." The bulletin which is signed by three medical men, added: "His Majesty is only enjoined not to speak until the wound caused by the operation is healed."

A further official announcement, issued yesterday morning, gives the following description of his Majesty's condition:

"The Emperor spent yesterday quietly in his room, and slept throughout the night without interruption. The appearance of the small wound is quite satisfactory. There is no pain or any other discomfort in the throat. His Majesty's temperature this morning was 36.3c., and his pulse 60."

Yesterday's Berlin Court circular announced that the Emperor and the Empress on Saturday went for a walk. No guests were invited to lunch or dinner on that day, but at midday yesterday the Emperor received the Imperial Chancellor. His Majesty and the Empress afterwards took luncheon.

THE UNITED STATES AND COLOMBIA.

The newly founded republic of Panama and the United States, by whose agency this new political unit has come into the world, are going on splendidly. "Mother and child are doing well," might be this morning's bulletin. The republic of Colombia, a State as big as France and the Iberian Peninsula, will have to resign itself to the loss of a strip of territory as large as Portugal.

Washington, meanwhile, is busy with explanations of its share in a business that, from the American point of view, is highly satisfactory. Secretary Hay, President Roosevelt, and everybody concerned are hourly issuing apologetic documents setting out that they have acted from purely disinterested motives, and that everything is for the best in this best of all possible solutions of the Canal difficulty. Wherefore, the republic of Panama, nobody else objecting, is already an accomplished fact; so accomplished, indeed, that it has just appointed a Diplomatic agent at Washington, and is no doubt pondering as to who shall be its first representative at the Court of King Edward.

The next move was with the Republic of Colombia; and we learn that the Central, the South American, and the West Indian republics are asking each other, "Whose turn will it be to-morrow?" For Mr. Hay has alarmed them. But Panama is Mafficking right jocosely, and "to-morrow" seems a long way off.

KUBELIK IN SUBURBIA.

Kubelik played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday and there were several vacant seats. Also the applause was hardly so generous as is customary at this popular artist's recitals. Suburbia is more decorous than the emotional West. Its heart is in the right place, but it does not perform in public. Some of the violinist's London admirers, however, provided the usual climax to his appearances. The platform was successfully stormed and Kubelik brought to bay; outflanked, outgeneralled, and cut off, he purchased his freedom by obliging with an informal programme of well chosen "extras."

LADY'S LOVE FOR HER DOGS.

"My dogs, Vesta and Gay, are to be made happy in life and painlessly destroyed when they can no longer enjoy existence."

This is one of the provisions of the will of Mrs. Susan Fenwick-Bisset, widow of a former member of West Somerset, who died at the age of 77, leaving £21,138.

Dr. Thomas Tellwright, of Chester, a member of the commercial traveller, and once known as the "father of the road," left £5,230. He was 82.

PHEASANTS AND PNEUMONIA.

The officers of the "Field" were the scene of an informal inquest last week. A number of hen pheasants in splendid fettle, which had been found dead in various coverts, were examined. The lungs were found to be solidly congested.

Verdict: Inflammation due to "the extreme humidity and extreme rainfall of this unexampled season."

BUXTON BATHS SOLD.

The Duke of Devonshire has sold the mineral water baths at Buxton to the local district council for £25,000, and a chief rent of £1,000 per annum, which is equal to £50,000. The council have the option to purchase the Colonnade also, but his Grace declined to sell the old hall and square.

Mails leave London to-morrow for—
Aden (if specially) Straits Settlements China
(addressed) Ceylon Japan
Mails are due in London to-morrow from Canada.

DRAWN BY FLYING KITES.

MR. CODY SUCCESSFULLY CROSSES THE CHANNEL.

Mr. S. F. Cody, who has made several attempts to cross the Channel in his kite-boat, sailed successfully from Calais to Dover on Friday night. An aeroplane, 15ft. across, was attached to his canvas collapsible Berthon boat, and, after an adventurous voyage of thirteen hours, the plucky inventor landed on British soil opposite the Lord Warden Hotel.

The start was made at 7.30, and the first mile was covered in fourteen minutes. A pilot boat had kept Mr. Cody company at first, but the pace was too hot, and, shortly after starting, he went on alone. It was a lovely moonlight night, and "Old Faithful" (such is the name of the kite) sailed gallantly between the wind and tide. A squall took our hardy mariner along at six or eight miles an hour, and then deserted him. Half way across, the kite would hardly keep the air.

The wind veered, and instead of Dover, Mr. Cody was drifting towards the dreaded Goodwins. The kite dropped and he had to take it on board. It nearly capsized him. Thus, in the dark, he drifted, edging the Goodwins, shivering with the cold; while strange ships passed him, and a school of porpoises played round his fragile boat. At last he sighted Ramsgate.

Now the tide had changed and the wind had freshened; so much so, that the boat "Lela"—gracefully named after Mrs. Cody—was again under control. A big sea was running as the dawn broke. It would have been easy to run in to Kingsdown, but Mr. Cody had promised to meet his friends at Dover, and for Dover he made.

Refusing the services of a kindly pilot cutter that passed him, Mr. Cody landed opposite the Lord Warden Hotel at 8.30 a.m., and ate a hearty breakfast of eggs and bacon.

The journey cost him £28, and Mr. Cody is none the worse for his adventure.

The good people of Calais had plied Mr. Cody with eatables before his start. They offered him enough fruit and biscuits to sink his ship. In a word, they were charming. One little girl, after asking all kinds of childish questions, shyly offered the *voyageur* a couple of apples "in case he was hungry." This was all the provender he accepted; for the larder of his vessel was already crowded with international produce—French chocolate, Italian sausage, English fruit, and Irish peppermint and water to keep out the cold.

FEMININE KING ALFRED.

Separated by a bewildering number of centuries, King Alfred and Miss Lena Ashwell ought to go together into the next child's story-book. Alfred and the cakes is our earliest historical reminiscence. At the dinner given by the New Vagabonds, Miss Ashwell told how she had unconsciously plagiarised the Saxon King. Her girlhood was passed in the unromantic routine of washing, mending, and cooking, in a little wooden house in Canada. But the bent of her mind was even then evident. Once when she had to roast a chicken for dinner she was so pre-occupied reading "King John" that she never bothered about the usual operation of preparing the fowl, and her people had no dinner.

The charming actress told of her early trials in London—of trying for a whole year to fight her way beyond the almighty door-keeper to the almighty manager. Now she, as she wittily put it, looks forward to that glorious night when perfectly-trained artists shall play perfectly-written plays before perfect high-tea audiences in a municipal theatre built by the London County Council on the banks of the Serpentine.

MISS EMERY RECOVERING.

Miss Winifred Emery had made such good progress since the operation was performed, on the 29th ult., that her doctors now declare that she has safely passed all danger. The number of letters of enquiry, requesting answers, that arrived by each morning's post at the Haymarket was extraordinary, and the replies necessitated the employment of a special clerk.

TRIBUTE OF THE RAGGED.

At the funeral of the Liverpool philanthropist, Canon Major Lester, the procession was headed by 500 ragged children, dressed in their tattered garments, who had benefited by the dead man's bounty. At the cemetery the cortege, which included thirty mourning coaches, was met by boys and girls from the various homes that Canon Lester had carried on for many years. Both Protestant and Catholic Bishops were represented.

HOSPITAL FOR SICK FISHES.

Vienna, which is distinguished for scientific investigation, has been provided with a fishes' hospital. This novel and enlightened step is due to the Minister of Agriculture. In a section of the Bacteriological Institute the necessary space has been found, and there, in tanks holding water of various degrees, a professor from the Veterinary Academy will study piscine diseases.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Paris, Sunday Night.

Though it has been very cold in the mornings and evenings, and quite hard frost about midnight, the weather on Saturday and today was delicious, and the afternoons as balmy as early spring. Never so late in the year have I seen so many people in the Bois as this morning, while in the afternoon it was positively crowded with pedestrians and people driving. Every kind of vehicle, from the smart automobile to the tradesman's small cart, were to be seen. The President, who drives extremely well, was in his phaeton; the Duchesse d'Uzes in her automobile; Madame Rejane in her mule-drawn coupe, while M. Waldeck Rousseau and other notables were afoot. Indeed everybody who is anybody took advantage of the bright sunshine for a pleasant turn along the avenues.

Ninety-ninth Balloon Ascent.

At one o'clock this afternoon Jacques De la Vaulx, in his balloon "L'Orient," made his ninety-ninth ascent, accompanied by Mons. Tisserand and a lady.

"We are merely going out for an aerial stroll," was the intrepid aeronaut's laughing reply to a question as to whether he intended making another trip to England. "But," he continued, "my next ascent will be my hundredth, when I mean to try and make the longest trip ever yet made in a balloon."

The Dance of Grain.

The competition craze has made a victim of a worthy tradesman, named Serge Durand, in the speculatively named town of Baccarat. He counted grains of wheat in a newspaper competition until his brain gave way, and he is now in the asylum seeing a perpetual dance of golden grain and banknotes. The Government, I am told, is thinking seriously of taking steps to stop these competitions in newspapers, looking on them as a lottery under a thin disguise.

Stands for 200,000.

A proposal is on foot to convert the vast estate of Buzeval, a quarter of an hour from the Bois de Boulogne, and close to Suresnes, into an immense and international motor-drome and general European rendezvous for cycle races, walking matches, football, cricket, and other sports. There would be straight runs for mile and kilometre contests, and a circular track six miles round which would allow four motor-cars to race abreast. The plans include stands for 200,000 spectators, a fashionable restaurant, repairing shops, garages, and every facility demanded by the modern sportsman. The territory of Buzeval covers sixteen and a half acres.

THE ROXBURGHE WEDDING.

SPLENDOR OF THE PREPARATIONS FOR TUESDAY'S CEREMONY.

The wedding of the Duke of Roxburghe and Miss Goelet has been fixed for next Tuesday, at half-past two. It will take place at St. Thomas's Church, Fifth-avenue, New York, where the Duke of Marlborough was married.

The Rector, Dr. Stiles, will perform the ceremony, the benediction being given by Bishop Doane, of Albany. The Duke will be attended by Mr. Reginald Ward, brother of Lord Dudley, as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Hugo Baring, brother of Lord Revelstoke, Mr. Harold Brassey, Mr. Robert Walton (cousin of the bride), Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop (another cousin), Mr. Henry Worthington Bull, and Mr. William Woodward, until recently attached to the American Embassy in London.

There will be a choir of fifty singers, and the church will be profusely decorated, the colour scheme being white, pink, and green.

When the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Isabel Innes-Ker arrived at the Cunard Pier they were met by the Duke. There was the usual swarm of New York pressmen, but requests for an interview were refused. Soon after landing, however, the Duchess said, "It is ridiculous to suppose titled Englishmen marry American women for wealth." New York grimly regards this as a hint that the Roxburghe wedding is a love match. The Duchess is also said to have warmly denied the truth of this remark, attributed to a member of the English nobility, that American wives are not received with cordiality in England.

MR. WARNER'S CRICKET TEAM.

Mr. Warner's team of cricketers made a good commencement at Adelaide on Saturday in the first match of the M.C.C. tour. Their opponents were South Australia, who, losing the toss, batted all day while, on a perfect wicket, the Englishmen knocked up 247 runs for the loss of only three wickets.

The match will be resumed this morning, and will be played to a finish. The Englishmen have evidently profited by previous experience of Australian wickets and modern Test cricket, and the over-astuteness to score which in former tours was responsible for more than one defeat of the Englishmen. Latest score—

Hayward, not out	136
P. F. Warner, c Jennings, b Claxton	65
Tyldesley, c Giffen, b Claxton	1
R. E. Foster, run out	47
Braund, not out	47
Extras	6
Total (for 3 wickets)	247

Latest News of London and the Provinces.

A FIGHTING SPEECH.

LORD ROSEBERY'S REPLY TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

WITH A MESSAGE OF PEACE TO "C.B."

It was at Leicester that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declared that the Liberal party would have nothing to do with Lord Rosebery's "clean slate" policy.

It was at Leicester on Saturday that Lord Rosebery, on the same platform from which he had been proscribed, pleaded, amid loud and continued cheering, for "by-gones to be bygones," and asked that the Liberal party should close its ranks. "I refer to that attempt at proscription," said his lordship, with earnestness, "for the last time in my life, I hope. I fling back the message of peace." (Prolonged cheers.)

"I say this, that Liberals will be fools, and worse than fools, if they be not united shoulder to shoulder to resist this mad and dangerous experiment, to stand face to face against the forces of reaction, endeavouring to retrace our steps of progress, and to go back for half a century."

Surely the future historian will write of November 7, 1903, that on this day Lord Rosebery re-joined the Liberal Party!

Free Trade Enthusiasm.

Apart from this notable declaration, and the vigour of Lord Rosebery's reply to Mr. Chamberlain, the most striking feature of the meeting, which 5,000 people attended, was its singular enthusiasm for the gospel of Free Trade. Leicester, with its threatened trade, and its decaying woollen and yarn industries, might have been looked upon, despite its past political reputation, as likely to receive the doctrines of Mr. Chamberlain with some degree of fervour, but of this there were no signs at Saturday's meeting.

Here are the most striking crystals from his speech which were rapturously received:—

The free traders have resigned; the great Protectionist has resigned. (Laughter and cheers.) The Ministers who have stood for every re-election are all studiously anxious, as they say, to prevent any taxation on food, and the Prime Minister sits with a pamphlet in each pocket ready for either event. (Laughter and cheers.)

We began with a bouncing surplus out of which old age pensions were to be found; but bouncing surpluses had disappeared, and the old age pensions had disappeared. (Laughter.) Then we were treated to the more modest increment of a gain of half-a-farthing a week on the Budget for the working-man. (Laughter.) It has since also disappeared.

Now you are to risk all your food, your wages, your return to the starvation conditions of Protection all on the personal pledge of a very distinguished man.

Why we don't improve.

But we are told, "You are getting on, no doubt, but you are not getting on half so fast as the United States or as Germany." Well, then, began with very little. You could not expect to keep the monopoly of the trade of the world.

I have got a son who is standing for a constituency in Scotland. (Cheers.) He has never made a speech in his life, and, therefore, I suppose, his speaking may be registered as zero. (Laughter.) Mr. Chamberlain is, perhaps, the most accomplished and powerful speaker we possess. ("No, no.") But suppose this time next year my son, by talking every night in public or in private, raises himself from the position of zero to being a 10 to 20 per cent. better speaker than he was. You would not throw it in Mr. Chamberlain's teeth, and ask him why he has not also improved.

You cannot have protection limited, you cannot fix bounds to it. The ten per cent. this year if trade slackens becomes twenty per cent. It grows by leaps and bounds.

Under protection every protected trade becomes a vested interest, and defends itself by the methods which are known to vested interests. If they are threatened they combine in trusts. They fight every election, political or municipal. They haunt the lobbies of your Parliament and corrupt your legislators.

What is Wrong.

Who has said that all is well now? That is not the doctrine I am here to preach. All is well? God forbid! How can we say that all is well? Agriculture, I admit, is in a crippled condition. Education—where is that? When are we going to have a national system? (Low cheers.) Can any of us be blind to the hideous curse of intemperance?

We have our cruises, we have our drawbacks, we have our evils, but the remedy is not protection.

I believe that the system by which each community achieves its own prosperity under its own conditions, in its own way, united by a common loyalty and flag, is far more likely to secure the unity of the Empire than a system of selfishness, and in most unhappy wrangling about tariffs and customs.

I ask the free trade Unionists not for corporate union with the host that has maintained the cause of free trade, but I do ask them in their own interest, as being as well in the interest of the cause for which we are fighting, that they should keep in as close touch as they can while the fight rages with the combatants who are fighting on their own side.

MRS. DOWIE AS A PREACHER.

PROUD MOTHER WHO MUST TALK OF HER CHILDREN.

Zionism seems quite childlike when Mrs. Dowie is preaching it. She has some of her husband's fiery gestures, but the mantle of "Elijah" does not cover her completely.

Preaching yesterday afternoon at Westminster, the first of the sermons she was announced to deliver during her present visit to England, she was a woman first and an orator afterwards. Of all things, Mrs. Dowie is a mother—a proud, vain mother, who lavishes upon Dr. Gladstone Dowie, her son, the love once shared by her beloved daughter, who died not long ago. Three times during her denunciation of the churches, tobacco, the Press, and the medical profession, she wandered back to the subject of her son, who was seated beside her in a large black and purple robe. "He is a doctor of laws, of Chicago University," she twice told her audience; one could hear in her squeaking, high-pitched voice the pride of the mother.

She was violent when she came to tobacco, and referred in bitter terms to the smell of nicotine, which, she said, permeated St. Paul's Cathedral when she visited it on Saturday afternoon.

"A lady who was close to me at the service smelt horribly of smoke," she said, "Whether she smoked or not I cannot say." Then she denounced some of the ministers of the gospel as being "worse liars even than the newspapers"; and referred to doctors as "men who fill you up with poison and help you to die." She was the calm, loving mother again, though, all at once. Her voice softened, her eyes filled with tears, and her whole being shook as she spoke of the dear daughter who had been taken away. "I know I shall see her again," she said. "I know she is waiting for me in Heaven."

AN AMAZING MARRIAGE.

A FALSE REGISTRY OFFICE AND A BOGUS CERTIFICATE.

A narrative, reading more like a Georgian romance than a chapter from twentieth century life, was told at Bow-street on Saturday, when Frank Collett, a Bedfordshire schoolmaster of forty-five, was committed for trial for having made a false marriage certificate. Indeed, *mutatis mutandis*—the *mutanda* being social position and the modern institution of a registry office—the victim's tale was almost that of the unhappy Olivia in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Olivia—otherwise Miss Nellie Gertrude Buss, now living at Streatham—met her "Squire Thornhill," otherwise Collett, at Hythe. They were engaged last April, and came up to London to be married on May 2. A wedding ring was purchased in the Strand, and a visit paid to what purported to be a registry office. Here were three men. One of them asked, "Will you take this man for your husband?" and the girl said, "Yes." "Will you take this woman for your wife?" the schoolmaster lover was asked, and he also said "Yes." The ring was then put on the lady's finger. "You are now married," said the supposed registrar; and signatures were written in a book.

Miss Buss afterwards found the marriage was no marriage, and that her lover had a wife and children living. Mr. Newbery, the registrar, whose signature purported to be attached to the certificate, declared it a forgery.

ROMANCE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The modern daily newspaper is one of the wonders of the world. Like a giant octopus it spreads its tentacles over the world, gathering in with remorseless energy every item of interesting news.

How this is done, the character of the organisation, and its universal activity, remain at once a mystery and a romance to most people. On Thursday Mr. J. C. Foulger will lift the veil in a lecture at St. James's Hall on the "Romance of the 'Daily Mail'."

Already the demand for tickets is so great that early application either to the "Daily Mail" Office or to Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, New Street-square, E.C., is advisable. The tickets are free, and will be allotted in priority of application.

SEARCH YOUR OLD ALBUMS.

How many treasures must be hidden in old stamp-albums. There is to-day in a little frame of its own, locked up securely in one of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's strongest safes, a small stamp worth £1,000. A short time ago it was stuck in an old stamp album belonging to a Glasgow gentleman who gave up stamp collecting in 1864, and only kept the old book as a link with the days of his boyhood. The stamp was accidentally discovered by a lady who knew enough of philately to recognise its worth. Private offers of £1,000 have been received, but the treasure is to be sold by public auction.

At Stratford Police-court on Saturday Rowland Taylor Warren, a dissenting minister, was remanded on a charge of misappropriating £35, entrusted to him by Sarah Baker, a maiden lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, for investment.

LORD ROSEBERY AS FIREMAN.

EX-PREMIER AS CHIEF IN A FIRE AT THE DURDANS.

Part of Lord Rosebery's racing stables at The Durdans, Epsom, were destroyed by a fire which broke out about six o'clock last night. When the alarm was given flames were leaping high into the air, and there was a danger of the conflagration spreading rapidly.

Energetic steps, however, were taken the moment the discovery was made. The alarm was at once given to the Epsom Fire Brigade, but persistent work strenuously to keep the fire within limits. Lord Rosebery himself directed operations, and acted like an experienced fire brigade chief. His lordship was even to be seen carrying bucketsful of water from a tank, and throwing them on the burning building.

Thanks to these timely efforts, the Epsom Brigade had no difficulty in restricting the fire to the buildings in which it originated—a stable and cow-shed near the large brick riding-school. In the former was the brood mare Ebba, sister to Ladas, who won the Derby in 1894. She and another valuable animal were rescued just in time. A few yards off and opposite the burning buildings were other stables, in which were valuable bloodstock—Velasquez, Sailor Lad, Elusive, Manchrone, Oriole, and four two-year-olds out of training.

Great difficulty was experienced in getting these animals out, as the doors of their stables fronted the burning mass. The stallions and mares were removed to a place of safety, while the other horses were turned into the park adjoining. A fine Jersey bull was also got out unhurt. The mansion itself was never seriously threatened, being some distance off. The fire was got under in the course of half an hour, and the damage will not amount to more than £500.

WIGS ON THE GREEN.

AN ASTOUNDING ASSERTION BY "JOHN STRANGE WINTER."

In a letter to a contemporary, on the subject of dress at the theatre, that otherwise amiable authoress, John Strange Winter, makes a remarkable assertion. Referring to the wearing of hats by ladies in the theatre, she says he (Mr. George Alexander) evidently "does not realise the truth, which is this—that nowadays ninety-nine women out of a hundred wear wigs; and the woman who wears a wig is the slave of that article of adornment. If she is a rich woman she has one wig for the theatre, and she wears it with her hat, and she has another wig for the evening to wear without a hat. In nine cases out of ten she cannot take her hat off, because she would not be sure of the disclosures such an act would make. I know this is so, because in my day I have myself worn a wig."

If this lady's assertions be true, hard upon nineteen millions of women in these islands are wig-wearers; and upon a modest computation it may be estimated the capital locked up in these falsehoods (to call them so) is about some fifty millions of money.

This is too serious a matter to be lightly dismissed. If it were true, Mr. Chamberlain might end his campaign to-morrow. A tax upon women's wigs, and we might all lay our hands upon our hearts and call ourselves fair-traders.

SIGNORA DUSE'S LAST APPEARANCE.

Owing to the indisposition of Signora Duse, the matinee of "La Signora dalle Camelie" at the Adelphi on Saturday had to be abandoned. The cause that prevented the actress getting to the theatre for the last advertised performance of the present season in London was happily not serious, and her manager is able to promise that Signora Duse will appear to-night in the play, as announced for Saturday.

DEATH OF THE HON. G. BRODRICK.

The Hon. George Charles Brodrick, who resigned the office of Warden of Merton College, Oxford, a few months ago, died at Oxford yesterday after a short illness, aged seventy-two. He was a brother of Lord Middleton, and uncle of Mr. St. John Brodrick, who is now Secretary of State for India. Three times Mr. George Brodrick unsuccessfully endeavoured to enter Parliament, twice for Woodstock (1868 and 1874) and lastly for Monmouthshire (1880).

THE GLOOM ON 'CHANGE.

The gloom which has settled on the stock markets continues impenetrable. The Stock Exchange Settlement is close at hand, in fact they were arranging that in South African mines on Saturday, and so there was not much fresh business. In fact, most people said that the House had better have been closed.

It is the same old story, everybody is looking at the demands on our gold for abroad and fearing for high interest rates which will make Stock Exchange speculators, who are, of course, very heavy borrowers of money to pay for their commitments, anything but happy. King's counsel is to wait for the gold which Argentine wants gold to pay for the heavy linseed and wheat crops which they are now beginning to cut; and the United States wants gold to bolster up its financial trust companies.

And the question is: Must London supply that gold? or must it bank on the United States to force upon it that foreigners will continue to look to our London money market as a profitable place to have money in, and to gold themselves to the country in which they are? This is the problem which, put in more or less cryptic form, will be the basis of discussion in dreary City articles for some little time to come.

SNAPSHOT INTERVIEWS.

SIX HOSTESSES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

A representative of the *Daily Mirror* who was about town a good deal on Saturday and yesterday, met quite a lot of people in the course of her travels.

In the cosy drawing-room at 72, Queensborough-terrace, Miss Ritchie chatted of how much her sister, to-day's new Lady Mayoress, is looking forward to her year of office. "We are all going with her," Miss Ritchie explained. "There are seven of us altogether, but my youngest sister is married, so, though she will be present at the banquet on Monday she will not be able to live at the Mansion House."

"No, my sister is not at all nervous at the prospect of her duties. You see, my father has been connected with the City for so long, that we shall be quite in our element at the Mansion House functions. The visit of the King and Queen of Italy will make a brilliant beginning, and we hope that it may be only one of many interesting experiences."

"And Monday's great ceremony? Will the Lady Mayoress and her maids of honour be present at the banquet?"

Miss Ritchie smiled as she explained that the solemn order of the day's ceremony required that the Lady Mayoress and her ladies dine in a separate apartment with eight attendant cavaliers.

"We shall come into the banqueting hall after dinner to hear the speeches. They ought to be specially interesting this year as almost all the invited guests have accepted. The gallery, where our seats will be placed, is the very best possible place for seeing and hearing."

"Yes, the maids of honour all wear white gowns, and the children will be in white too. My little niece, who will carry the Lady Mayoress's train, is the sweetest little dear imaginable, and the boy who will be my father's page is so self possessed that I am sure he will greatly add to the dignity of the scene."

Miss Hilda Moody's Acquisitions.

A gleam of red and brown in a hansom quickly speeding through Bond-street. It was Miss Hilda Moody in scalpin, with a negligé wisp of glorious hair low on her forehead. Smiling, as always, she stopped her hansom.

"Where have you been lately?" the *Daily Mirror* representative asked. "Have you forsaken the theatres?"

"Me?" said Miss Moody. "No! Why didn't you know? I've been so busy getting married that I've had no time to do anything. Ah, my dear! Why did I ever let him know that I had a fancy for cooking. 'Eat! Positively you never saw anything like it. Busy! You've no idea, and I've just got a lovely new moleskin coat—a dream, and a new little black pug—such a dinky darling—and I'm rehearsing every day so I've scarcely a minute to myself. But I'm teaching him to sit up and beg and lots of pretty tricks."

"The hubby?" "No! You absurd thing, the pug. But you've no idea how glad I am I got one. They're so soft and smooth and comfy. You positively must get one."

"Which? A hubby or a pug?" "Oh, you absurd thing! A moleskin coat I mean."

The April Princess's Pet Project.

"It is going to be the women's club in London," said Miss Constance Smedley, in a tone of decision reminiscent of the autocratic little "April Princess." "All the other clubs will be drained dry. I have had already thousands of letters from would-be members. Of course, you have heard all about the new Lyceum Club?"

It is pleasant to hear Miss Smedley enthuse about her pet scheme, and the *Daily Mirror* caller pleaded complete ignorance of the "April Princess" settled herself among her cushions, and, with sparkling eyes, said:—"People do not seem to realise that the club is not only for literary women. We have Mrs. Garrett Anderson and several other women doctors on the provisional committee, and one or two women who have done great things in science. All university women will be eligible. Nearly all the girls at Girton and Newnham are wild to join, and we expect to have as many American as English members."

"Just think of what we shall offer them. A roof-garden with electric light, dining and reception rooms, where the poor dears who are now spending their evenings in dreary boarding-houses can wear their pretty gowns and learn how delightful it is to be ornamental as well as useful. Lots of them will say good-bye to their dismal lodgings and make the club their home. There will be 180 bedrooms, and then—the chafing dish suppers!"

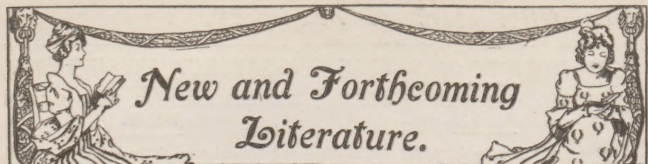
LINGFIELD RACES.

The following were the results of Saturday's racing at Lingfield:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Back End (4).	Tredgack.	East.	8 to 1
Burston Selling (12).	Kitty Far.	McIntyre.	8 to 1
Four to the Post (4).	Edulius.	Griggs.	11 to 1
Four to the Post (4).	Edulius.	Griggs.	11 to 1
Nursery (11).	Ben Bouncer.	Butchers.	21 to 4
Country (4).	Maiden.		
T.V.O. (4).	Grey Plume.	Canon.	4 to 1
Dorman Park (4).	Mark Time.	Mr. De Wend.	
Reception (9).		Mr. De Wend.	

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

Lincoln Autumn Meeting commences to-day, when the following horses, with a run, may prove successful:—Brownlow, Nursery—Venus, Great Tom Plate—Hereford; Chaplin Nursery—Whinblow or Firdale; Duddington Maiden—Nursery Saint.



Brilliant Opening of the Publishing Season.

WE are about to approach the most interesting portion of a very lively publishing season.

Within a very few days we shall have Sir Francis Burnand's budget of anecdotes, for which an immense demand is expected. Lord Wolsey's book is, we have reason to believe, likely to produce immense discussion in military and political circles, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Swinburne, who has been too long silent, is to favour us again.

"The" Bard.

Swinburne's work will be received with more than common interest, for we have had nothing from the bard's muse since 1899. "A brilliant youth; too brilliant a youth; it's all youth," said Jowett of him, rashly as it proved. But Rossetti knew, even before "Atalanta in Calydon" appeared, that "A.C.S. would outstrip the lot of us." Well, A.C.S. is sixty-six years old now, and he has done it beyond question.

A Portrait in Words.

Burne-Jones has left a vivid word-picture of the youthful Swinburne—his sensitive face, his eager eyes, his peculiar nervous excitability, the flame-like beauty of his wavy mass of hair, his swift speech and extraordinary swiftness of thought and comprehension, and a certain delightful inconsequence all his own. Had Shelley come to life again, such friends as Meredith, Holman Hunt, and G. F. Watts must have asked themselves. Swinburne was always fortunate in his friends. For years past Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, himself no mean poet, has been his constant companion, and they live together at The Pines, a creeper-clad, tree-embosomed house near Wimbledon Common. Swinburne is fond of solitary walks, and is beloved of the children of Putney and Wimbledon, to whom he sometimes distributes a largesse of comfits.

New Fiction.

As regards fiction, the output appears to be literally overwhelming. No new genius has yet burst upon the world, but all the old favourites hold their own. As we have already stated, the author of "No. 5, John-street," one of those careful, conscientious writers who will only give the public his very best, has scored yet another great success with his unconventional story, "The Yellow Van," while with "Katherine Fanshawe," Miss Beatrice Harraden is likely to attract a new public.

What a Librarian Says.

Among recent novels which are in steady demand at the libraries may be mentioned "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox (Constable, 6s.), of which over 70,000 copies have already been sold in England and America; "Petronilla Heroven," by Miss Una L. Silberad; "The Yellow Crayon," by E. P. Oppenheim; "When I was Czar," by A. W. Marchmont (all published by Ward, Lock, at 6s. each); "The Ambassadors," by Henry James; "The Rose of Joy," by Mary Findlater; "A Metamorphosis," by Richard Marsh; "Susannah and One Elder," by E. M. Albanesi (all published by Methuen, at 6s.); "The Proud Prince," by J. H. McCarthy; and "Hetty Wesley" by A. T. Quiller-Couch (published by Harper's, 6s. each).

A Poet Novelist.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson, who has just brought out a new story, "The Honourable Molly," is one of the very few writers of fiction who is also a poet. Indeed, there are many who consider that Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's claim to ultimate fame rests on her exquisite and pathetic verse. Mrs. Hinkson's first little volume of poems attracted the attention of critics as different as the late Lord Lytton and Cardinal Newman. Not till her marriage to the distinguished literary barrister whose name she bears did she attempt fiction; but, "Oh, What a Plague is Love" showed that she had the true imaginative touch which goes to make a popular story-teller, and she has now published some dozen successful novels, proving conclusively and triumphantly that stories of Irish life can find as many eager readers as do those of the Scottish kailyard school.

Her Country Retreat.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinkson live in one of our old-world London suburbs; they are both instinct with true Irish hospitality, and often entertain in an informal manner gatherings of distinguished literary and artistic folk. Mrs. Hinkson is the proud mother of four children, and some of her best work has been done in a pretty Surrey inn, where she often takes her bairns for a brief change and holiday.

"Helen Mathers"—to give the name by which she is so widely known—is one of this autumn's successful novelists. She does not publish books in rapid succession, and "Griff of Griffithscourt," followed her last story, "Honey," at what was, in these days, a considerable interval. "Coming thro' the Rye," which first brought her fame, was published when she was quite a girl, and was mainly autobiographical.

A Terrible Loss.

She confesses to being extremely unmethodical, and on one occasion a really terrible thing befell her—she lost the whole manuscript of a new story in a cab, and as it never was recovered she sat down and bravely wrote it all over again! She can only write in complete solitude, and she is probably the quickest writer from the actual penmanship point of view among living authors, for though she indites every word of her story herself, she often begins and completes a novel in as little as a month, while one of her most successful early stories was put down on paper in three weeks.

An Ancestor of Lord Salisbury's.

That charming and genial writer, the veteran Dr. Augustus Jessopp, is engaged upon a "Life of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh," the famous ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury. It will be well illustrated, the historic pictures at Hatfield House having been placed at the disposal of the author by the late Lord Salisbury. Of this latter statesman no new biography is promised at present to supersede the small but interesting sketch by Mr. F. D. How.

Very Costly Reprints.

"Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in Italy," a monumental work, which has long been out of print and very scarce, copies fetching as much as £30, is being reprinted by Messrs. Murray. The new edition, edited by Langton Douglas and S. Arthur Strong, will be in six volumes, price 25s. each net, of which the first two volumes have been published this week. Another rare work in its complete form, "Hakluyt's Voyages," is being reprinted by Messrs. James Maclehose, of Glasgow. It will be in twelve volumes, price £7 10s. net, and of this also the first two volumes have appeared this week.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

OLD QUEBEC (novel). By Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bess. Macmillan.
THE GOLDEN FETTER (a novel). By Eden Phillpotts. Harper.
FAMOUS FANCIES (short stories). By W. B. Maxwell. Grant Richards.
THE OLD JOE MAN (humorous novel). By Oliver Onions. John Murray.

THE PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

If what the English speak is English, what is it we speak? The question is one which certain Americans persistently ask, and many are the answers. "We speak the speech of Shakespeare," answer some, and they really think they do.—"Outlook."

DINNER AND THE DRAMA.

Physiologically regarded, I should think it is not at all a bad thing for the dramatist that his patrons should dine before they visit the theatre. There is wisdom in the view that if you desire to obtain a favour from you friend, you should beseech him after dinner, not before.—"Illustrated London News."

CHEERLESS DRESS.

We in England are drifting more and more towards the wearing of black. Men have long forsaken the bright bravery of dress which characterised the costume period, and now women are taking to the same sable garb. The more black we wear, the less cheerful we shall become, and the more sadly we shall take our pleasures.—"The Graphic."

MODERN AWKWARDNESS.

Before the dancing season sets in with severity, hostesses might do well to consider whether they will encourage the revival of "manner" in the ballroom, or continue to suffer the "boisterous awkwardness" that experts declare to be the chief characteristic of the modern dancer. The time has come when, if they will, the hostesses whose invitations have a distinct value can turn the tide and set the feet of our young men and maidens in the way they should go.—"The World."

LOVE IN A FOG.

The very name, Fog, is hallowed by countless memories of accidental meetings, romantic wanderings, shy flirtations, hurried kisses, all leading up, of course, to happy marriages. Love in a fog: it is as old, and as romantic, and as picturesquely grimy as London itself. Away with your talk of Welsh anthracite coal! You might as well rob us of our wayward April as of our foggy November.—"The Sketch."

BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS.

No. II.

By H.H. PRINCESS DULEEP SINGH.

SELFISHNESS at Bridge, as in daily life, is the most odious of faults. A very common mistake, and one frequently made by many otherwise sane players, is to think only of their own cards, and absolutely ignore the possibility of a partner having several tricks in his hand which he might be helped to make.

This class of player invariably fails to return a "singleton" lead, or waits to do so until his partner's trumps have fallen; usually he never looks at his partner's discards. He is also much inclined to throw down the cards towards the end of the game, and say to his adversaries: "The rest are yours." Perhaps they are, but very often, by saying so, he gives the game away by showing the dealer where the cards lie.

No Trumps.

At No Trumps the original lead is always from the longest suit. The leads are rather different from those in a Trump Game, as the great object is to keep the command of the suit.

It is impossible here to give a list of leads at No Trumps, as so much depends on whether there is a card of re-entry, but the most usual lead is the fourth best card. This lead is an old American whist rule, which is of the greatest possible assistance to the leader's partner, who, by the simple calculation of deducting the number of pips on the card led from eleven, knows exactly by the result of the remainder the number of cards higher than the one led there are out against his partner.

The Highest Heart.

If your partner doubles at No Trumps, it is the general practice in England to lead him the highest card of your shortest suit. If you have no short suit, and have an ace, you had better lead it, and then when dummy's hand is exposed lead the highest card of your

own and dummy's combined shortest suit. On the Continent and in America the highest heart is always led in the case of No Trumps being doubled, and this rule is sometimes adhered to in England, when people from abroad are taking part in the game; so that before beginning a rubber it is advisable to ask your partner what he wants to be led to him if he doubles No Trumps.

Your Partner's Lead.

Always return your partner's lead with your highest card of the suit, unless you are playing up to a ten-ace in dummy's hand, or unless you have a very strong suit of your own. At No Trumps the great object is to establish a long suit.

Be very careful not to block your partner's long suit. For instance, if he leads the king of a suit in which you hold only the ace and a small card, take the king with the ace, and lead back the small card; or, if you have queen, knave, and a small one, and he leads the king, place the knave on the king.

If possible keep the best card of your adversaries' long suit until one or other of them fails in it; by this means you may prevent them ever establishing it, if they have no card of re-entry.

Cover an Honour.

As a general rule you must cover an honour, which means that if an honour is played you must play a higher card on it, with the object of making good a knave or a ten in your partner's hand. If you have three or four cards to the king, it is not necessary to lead an honour, or if the next highest cards to the one led are in dummy's hand.

Discard from weakness. There is a new American fad that the first discard should be from strength so that your partner should be in no doubt as to your strong suit, but this has the great drawback that by discarding from your strength you weaken it materially. Discarding on a long suit always becomes a difficult operation, as suits must be kept guarded, and also a card of one's partner's suit to return to him. Of course, one must be greatly guided by the fall of the cards as to the discard, and it is impossible to lay down any rules on the subject.

To be Continued.



Two Important Exhibitions Opened To-day.

TO the modern feminine mind no kind of art exhibition appeals more strongly than one of contemporary portraiture. It adds the interest of psychological study to the artistic enjoyment of the picture.

* * *

Fair Women and Brave Men.

To this attraction that lies in the very nature of portraiture, the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, which opens to-day at the New Gallery, London, adds that of being a truly International show, in which the leading painters of at least four countries are admirably represented. This is the most important exhibition of the present season.

* * *

Madame Rejane and Her Portrait.

Those who know M. Besnard by his beautiful, though weird, allegorical frescoes at the Paris University, or by his extraordinary portrait of Mme. Réjane cannot fail to be surprised by his portrait of Mme. Besnard. Mme. Réjane was painted in a style which was intelligible to only a few, and the sitter herself at first refused to accept this portrait. When the picture was shown at the Salon, and turned out to be the most discussed portrait of the year, the great actress changed her mind, and demanded the portrait. And then M. Besnard had his revenge by raising his price to twice the amount originally stipulated.

* * *

The Charm of Silver Hair.

The portrait of Mme. Besnard at the New Gallery, far from being eccentric or puzzling, is a beautifully painted, reposeful, dignified presentment of a grey-haired French lady of amiable expression, with her face in profile and in strong light.

* * *

English Beauties.

Whatever faults our own painters may have, it is certain that they prefer beauty to ugliness. Many of their productions lack great technical qualities, but they almost invariably deal with more pleasing subjects than those preferred by the adventurous foreigners. Mr. Ellis Roberts and Mr. Blake Wigram seem particularly lucky in their sitters, though their pictures may pass without comment. There are, however, at the New Gallery quite a number of ladies' portraits which combine the beauties of nature and art. Among these are Mr. Hugh de Glazebrook's "Elizabeth, Daughter of Ernest Crofts, R.A.," Mr. R. Jack's very graceful and decorative portrait study of a lady who wears a black picture hat and white muff and boa; and the same artist's "Mrs. Kenneth Balfour," who bears a curious resemblance to a well-known portrait of Lady Blessington.

The Trickery of Metal Shirt Links.

Two pictures in the South Room—portraits of "Charles Hunter, Esq.," and "Signor Valero"—cannot fail to attract attention. Not only is the paint laid on so thick and ruggedly that the surface resembles a rock, but the artist, Signor Mancini, has actually inserted bits of metal to represent the links of the shirt. Signor Mancini is a protégé of Mr. Sargent, who, it is said, has declared that he would be glad if he himself could paint as well as the Italian artist, whom he has induced to come to England. But even with such a powerful protector, Signor Mancini can hardly hope to achieve great popularity with a method which purists would denounce as mere trickery.

* * *

Mr. Whistler's Unfinished Work.

Sir John Millais's portrait of the late Marquess of Salisbury and Mr. Orchardson's masterly presentment of Sir David Stewart, which secured him the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, are too well known to need further comment, but a few words should be said about the late Mr. Whistler's unfinished "Rouge et Noir." In looking at this work, one can only speculate as to whether the artist himself would have permitted it to be shown. It is impossible in drawing, unpleasant in colour, and the face looks uncommonly like a Japanese mask.

* * *

Whistler's Etchings.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes's collection of Whistler's etchings at the Leicester Gallery is a fitting tribute to the dead. As a painter Whistler always had his admirers, but he also had many bitter opponents. It was with reference to one of his pictures that as great a critic as Ruskin wrote the famous lines—"I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"—a remark which led to a libel action, in which Ruskin was condemned to one farthing damages.

* * *

Rarities on the Walls.

The examples shown at the Leicester Gallery perhaps not as complete a sequence as the ones exhibited at Messrs. Obach's, but they include many exceedingly rare specimens, early states, trial proofs, and even a few prints of plates, which do not figure in Mr. Wedmore's catalogue of Whistler's etchings. A good many of these are quite unique, and consequently command prices which are quite extraordinary for modern etchings. Many, in fact, run into three figures—slight things apparently, which the uninitiated would probably pass unnoticed. Among these little-known plates are the two proofs of "Irving as Philip of Spain," and, above all, the only known impression of "Whistler's Mother."

To-Day's Social News in Town and Country.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Sunday Evening.

How delightful to have a clear, bright autumn Sunday, with sunshine overhead and dry underfoot.

The crisp, frosty feeling in the air, too, was welcome after yesterday's foggy, and a good many people turned up at church parade this morning. Lord Granby was walking through with his daughter, Lady Constance Gore was in her electric brougham; Lord Gore and Lady Vivian were together, the latter looking none the worse for the unfortunate accident she had the other night, when she nearly burnt off all her hair; and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wombwell were talking to a group of friends, as were Major and Lady Victoria Villiers.

At Lunch.

Many pleasant parties were lunching at Willis's rooms; Lord and Lady Dudley, just come from Ireland, were accompanied by their little son, Lord Ednam, Lady Dudley looking very pretty in fawn-coloured corduroy velvet with a white fur toque, and at the same table were quite a family party, including Mr. Cyril Ward, and Mr. Gerald and Lady Evelyn Ward, the latter wearing becoming grey turs with clusters of mauve flowers in a white toque.

Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, wearing black with a green toque, was another pretty woman to be seen; and among a great many men were Mr. George Keppel, Mr. Guy Campbell, and Captain Butler.

Tea and Pictures.

Yesterday afternoon a very representative crowd collected at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester-square to see Mr. Mortimer Menpes' collection of Whistler etchings. Lady Dorothy Nevill spent a long time looking at the pictures; Mrs. Jardine, very pretty in black, was another interested spectator, and amongst others who looked in during the afternoon were Lady Savile, Lady Emily Wyndham-Quinn, Miss Hilda Chichester (Lord Templemore's daughter), Miss Mary Cholmondeley, Lady Blois and Sir Reginald Hanson.

Playgoers.

On Saturday nights most of the theatres are very crowded, and there was a full house last evening at the Shaftesbury, where among the audience were Lady Shaftesbury with a party; Lady Constance Gore, Sir Ernest Cassel, with a few friends; Mr. Roland le Strange, and Mr. Cyril Foley.

Arrivals and Departures.

Lord and Lady Waterford left London on Saturday for Aberdeen.

Lord Lonsdale, who has been staying in Carlton House-terrace since his return from abroad, has now gone to Barley Thorpe Hall, near Oakham, which was at one time let to Mrs. Adair.

Princess Henry of Pless, who has been spending a few days with her sister, the Duchess of Westminster, at Eaton Hall, returned to town on Saturday.

Skating at Prince's.

There is no doubt that Prince's Skating Club is much more exclusive than it was, yet in spite of the fine, dry weather which took many people out of town this week-end, there were a large number both on the ice and looking on this afternoon. Lady Mabel Crichton came at tea time with her brother. She wore a short, dark cloth dress, white furs, and a pale blue hat with a white veil. Admiral and Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot brought their second daughter to see the skating. Miss Violet Wood was once more on the ice in a black gown heavily sequined, a very broad white stole and big muff, and a large picture hat of Magenta velvet and feathers.

At the Carlton.

To-night there were many smart parties at the Carlton. Lord Dalmeny was dining with his sister, Lady Crew. Lord Lovat had a party, and Lady Dufferin, who wore some beautiful jewels, was dining with her husband. Baron Leitenbergen also brought his wife, a charming and beautifully gowned Viennese.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King has a fine taste in sermons, and whenever he has been particularly struck by a good preacher, that lucky churchman has been commanded to preach at Sandringham. His visit extends from Saturday to Monday, and he only preaches once. The King limits the length of the sermon to thirteen minutes, and explains to the preacher how he shall direct his voice in the pulpit, so that it best shall carry to the Sandringham House pew.

When the Queen arrives at Windsor Castle she will find a number of improvements in her own apartments, which are in the Victoria Tower, and look out on the East and South terraces. The addition which has been built out on the north side of the tower on to the terrace which leads to the garden, has been completed, and the work has been done so cleverly that it harmonises perfectly with the rest of the building, and when the stone has darkened a little, it will look like part of the original structure.

It contains some useful additional accommodation, including a good bathroom, and in

no way interferes with the descent to the garden from the Queen's boudoir. The sanitary arrangements have been completely brought up to the latest modern standard.

Queen Alexandra's touching tribute of love and veneration to "the best of mother-in-laws" will find a responsive throb in the hearts of all those august personages who stood in the same relationship to our late beloved sovereign. From the day that Queen Victoria, clad in the deepest widow's weeds, welcomed the fair Danish Princess, who had just become affianced to the Prince of Wales, at Osborne, a bond of deep affection bound the future King's Consort and her husband's mother.

Queen Victoria had an almost touching and a most generous appreciation of personal loveliness, and she was fond of saying to her more intimate friends, "It does one good even to look at dear Alex." Denmark has always been the home of statuary, and the Queen's choice of a memorial is exactly what the late Sovereign would have liked.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital is indeed fortunate in having secured as its first Lady Governor Queen Alexandra, for her Majesty takes a keen personal interest in all these charitable institutions with which she is connected.

One of the then Princess of Wales' first actions as a bride was the visiting of a large pauper hospital of which one section was set apart for those mentally afflicted. It was suggested to the young Princess that she should avoid this portion of the hospital, but on being told that even these poor creatures were eagerly looking forward to seeing her, she insisted on giving them the pleasure.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, being anxious to visit some girls in a rougher walk of life, not far from Kensington Palace, begged a lady who knows them well to take her there some evening. This young lady gives much care and thought to amusing and instructing these girls, who always have one "happy" evening a week. The Princess and her friend received a hearty welcome from the girls, who had no idea that one of the King's sisters had sacrificed some hours of her valuable leisure to give them pleasure, and to learn for herself more about them.

Lord and Lady Carew intend returning to their house in Belgrave-square about the middle of this month. Mrs. Clifford Cory, who is with them at Castle Boro', is devoting a good deal of time to her piano and charms all visitors by her brilliant performances.

The Duchess of Leeds is soon bringing out a new book of poems. She is no amateur in the literary world, having already published both prose and poetry. She has a facile pen, and writes with a great deal of delicacy and feeling.

The absence of Lady Milbanke from the meets in Kildare and King's County is much felt. She is one of the keenest of sports-women, and for years has hunted regularly with the Kildare Hounds. She used to keep house for her father, Colonel Crichton, who is a brother of Lord Erne.

Lady Milbanke has now gone to join Sir John in India, where he is with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. Another popular sportswoman whose absence is also felt in Ireland is Lady Noeren Bass, a recent bride, who has gone to India with her husband, who is also in the 10th Hussars.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin hope to be back from America by Christmas. The object of their visit to the States is business in connection with the death of the latter's mother. There is no more popular American hostess than Mrs. Bradley Martin, who entertains largely at her house in Chesterfield-gardens and also at Balmacan, her husband's shooting estate in Scotland.

Her collection of diamonds is unique. She was the first to wear a muff-chain of diamonds, which was about three yards long, and of picked stones of the first water. Very benevolent, she is much to the fore in philanthropy, and her private charity is very considerable.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Hon. W. F. Smith, M.P., and Lady Esther Smith are staying at their place in Devonshire.

The Hon. Mrs. Marjoribanks, who has been on a visit to the Earl of Haddington at Tynningham, has arrived at Guisachan, N.B.

Lady Alfred Paget will spend the winter and spring months at the Villa Garibondy, Cannes.

A marriage is arranged between Murrigh, son of the late Colonel Wilson, of Cliffe Hall, Yorkshire, and Sybil May, second daughter of Sir Powlett Milbank, Bart., and Lady Milbank, of Norton Manor, Radnorshire, and Barningham Park, Yorkshire.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror," Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

ON THE CONTINENT.

ROME.

Lady Fedorowna Bertie, the wife of the English Ambassador at Rome, who to-night celebrates the King's birthday by a banquet at the Palazzo Torlonia, is an aunt of the present Lord Cowley, and a daughter of the first Lord. She was therefore a niece of the great Duke of Wellington. She has been known for many years to London society, and before she went to Rome she maintained a small but very brilliant salon in Hertford-street, which was a favourite rendezvous for diplomatists.

The dining-room at the British Embassy is very large and splendid. The walls are of marble and gesso, and there is a marble floor. The gardens are very fine, and one of their beauties is that they are bounded on the east by a stretch of the old Aurelian Wall.

PARIS.

A meeting was held recently at the British Embassy, Paris, to consult about a bazaar in aid of a church house in connection with the Embassy Church. Sir Edmund and Lady Monson have kindly consented to lend the British Embassy for this bazaar, which is to be held on December 9th and 10th. A grand concert is being arranged, when some of the first artists in Paris will be heard, and the bazaar bids fair to be one of the chief social events of this season.

BRUSSELS.

Sir Constantine Phipps, K.C.M.G., C.B., British Minister to Belgium, has issued invitations for to-night, when he will give a large evening reception in honour of the King's birthday.

CANNES.

The Prince Chirinsky, A.D.C. of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaevitch, has left Cannes on a short visit to St. Petersburg. After completing the business matters which demand the presence of the Prince, he will return to this place.

Sincere sympathy is expressed with the Prince Serge Galitzin, president of the Racing Club, in the loss of his daughter, Mme. de Papoff, whose death took place at Vienna; whether the prince has gone to be present at the obsequies.

The Duchesse de Luynes—one of the very oldest of the great French aristocratic families, of whom there were so many in years gone by—paid a fleeting visit to her home here last week, being greatly interested in the electric installation of the chateau.

A pretty property, and again one of the older ones, has just changed hands; Mr. John Holland having parted with his house at Pegomas, near Lady Alfred Paget's chateau, to the Director of the Crédit Lyonnais at Constantinople.

SUNDAY AT BRIGHTON.

Brighton was favoured with cold, dry weather for the week-end, and both in the morning and the afternoon the scene on the front was one of brilliant animation yesterday.

Church parade was well attended, among those present being Sir Edward and Lady Clarke, saluting many friends; Sir Francis Burnand, down only for the week-end, and looking much better than when last here; Sir Walter Gilbey, who has just been joined by his daughter, Mrs. Hine, and her husband; Dr. Marcus Allen, one of the few residents left who was at the bachelors' balls of three decades ago.

Sir James Duke, who arrived on Saturday for a short visit; Captain R. Bingham, R.N., and Miss Bingham; Colonel Stewart Cleve and Miss Cleve; Mr. Harry Furniss; Lady Kirkpatrick, who came over from Crawley to spend the week-end at Brighton with her sister, Mrs. Philip Bayly; Lady Ellis, Captain Graham, Miss Thorold, and the youthful mayor and mayoress-elect and their little daughter were amongst others to be seen. Lord Kinnaird left for London during the afternoon.

Temperature, maximum, 51.4; minimum, 42.9. Sunshine, 3 hours 10 minutes. Prospects less settled.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

"A mind content both crown and kingdom is."—Greene.

Many happy returns to:—

His Majesty the King.
Lady De Ramsey. | Mr. Gerald Ward.
Sir William McMahon. | Mr. Labouchere.

Lady De Ramsey, who married Lord De Ramsey in 1877, is a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and is a sister of Lady Wimbore, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Howe, and Lady Sarah Wilson. She has two sons and four daughters living.

Mr. Gerald Ward is Lord Dudley's youngest brother and his A.D.C. He married in 1899 Lady Evelyn Crichton, a daughter of Lord Erne, who is one of the loveliest young married women of the day.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew, K.C.B., commanding the 8th Division Third Army Corps, has selected the following appointments:—Coldstream Guards, as his aide-de-camp.

The following appointments were announced at the Admiralty on Saturday evening:—
Commander M. R. Hill to Audacious for Lee, in command.

Lieutenants C. K. McLean to Audacious for Roebuck, G. B. Spicer-Simson to Admiralty (temporary), G. T. Livingstone to Mars, G. Johnson to Pembroke for R.N. Engineer-Lieutenants H. E. Wolfe to Albemarle, C. H. Johnson to Benbow.

MY HUNTING DIARY.

The opening meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate is more of a social gathering than a day devoted to sport. I did not observe anything particularly new in the cut of the habits. The Duchess of Newcastle always wears a green habit; this year she has adopted a dark green, Irish, rough cloth, which looked extremely well.

Lady Augusta Fane who is very slight, wore a swallow-tail coat, with a big roll collar, and a white waistcoat; while Mrs. Lancelot Lowther was in a black habit, and cut-away frock coat. Nearly all the ladies had top-hats, which are so very much smarter than the pot-hat, besides being a greater protection should you fall on your head.

Altogether the scene was bright and gay, and everyone seemed to be in the best of tempers.

A Good Field.

Elizabeth Lady Wilton was riding a well-bred chestnut, with Miss Muir beside her, on a bay horse. Mr. and Mrs. Muir rode just in front, the latter on her favourite grey steed, Colonel and Mrs. W. Lawson were both magnificently mounted, as were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brocklehurst, with their little girl, who rides cross-legged on the tinnest pony I ever saw.

Baron Radeck, Major Bradford Atkinson, Major McNeil, Sir Arthur Lucas, Mr. H. Toulmin, and many more old friends were out.

After a quick find the fox had only got across one field when he was frightened into the jaws of the pack, who made short work of him.

Burrough Wood was the next draw, and we had not long to wait before a "Holloa!" brought hounds in the direction of the Punch Bowl, when the fox was viewed across the road below Dalby, and we were soon after him, but there was not very much scent. However, we had a pretty hunt by Wyld's Lodge, over part of the steepchase course, past Burton village, and a kill in the open. This finished the day.

A Quorn Run.

On Friday, the 5th, the Quorn met at Brookside. A sharp frost the preceding night had taken great liberties with the leaves, and the fences looked far less forbidding. A more glorious day could hardly be imagined, and the country looked lovely with the ever changing autumn tints. In the morning sport was moderate, but a good gallop was scored later from Ashby Pastures, hounds running fast to the left of Gaddesby, by Barsby, nearly to Thorpe Satchville, then making a sharp left-handed turn, they hunted nicely back till the fox managed to get into the New Plantation, above Ashby Folville—forty-three minutes over a fine sporting line. Many dirty coats went to prove that the going is heavy, and in spite of the frost the ditches are still very blind. Another smaller ring brought matters to a close. Several fresh foxes being on foot, hounds could not get on terms with any of them, and kept running to and fro from Ashby Pastures to Thorpe Trussells.

Saturday's Meets.

The Blankney, the Croome, and the Eridge had their opening meets on Saturday. Fog troubled the Blankney at Harleston Hall, but, despite this unfavourable circumstance, the field was large, including Lord Lonsdale, Mrs. Clayton Swan, Captain Reeve, Mr. de Paravicini, Miss Sibthorp, and the Misses Long.

The Croome opened at Croome Court, among the muster being Lord and Lady Coventry, Lady Dorothy Coventry, Lady Barbara Smith, Lord Edward Seymour, and Lady Jane Seymour.

Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, was the venue for the opening meet of the Eridge. The weather was glorious. Lord Henry Nevill, Lord Abergavenny, Lord and Lady Camden, Lord and Lady Abingdon, Mr. Lindsay Hogg, M.P., and Miss Chandos-Pole were out. Lord Abergavenny had a house-party at Eridge Castle for the occasion.

Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds had an enjoyable run from the Cross, Malpas, on Saturday. The meet included Lord Cholmondeley, Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, General Savage Mostyn, and Captain and Mrs. Ethelston.

Lacy Gifferts.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents:

Blaritz.—Very fair; maximum, 70; minimum, 52.
Cairo.—Clear; maximum, 76; minimum, 62; forecast, warmer.

Cannes.—Eighth day of uninterrupted sunshine calm; settled.

Naples.—Brilliant sunshine; maximum, 66.

Mentone.—Brilliant sunshine; maximum, 65; minimum, 57.

Nice.—Superb weather continues; temperature, 46, at night.

San Remo.—Lovely day; temperature at ten, 72.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

Chiswick head Crouch end on Saturday by 3 to 2. The winners' centre-forward sprained her knee early in the game.

As the result of a trial match, the committee of the Staffordshire Ladies' Hockey Association have selected the following team for the season:—Goal, Miss Johns; right back, Mrs. Conway Morgan; left back, Miss Slater; right half, Miss M. Page; centre half, Miss Clements; left half, Miss Samble; outside right, Miss K. Watson; inside right, Miss M. Warner; centre, Miss G. Page; inside left, Miss E. Briggs; outside left, Miss A. Burns. Honorarys.—The Misses B. Warner, M. Joyce, Meakin, Gibson, E. M. Johnson, L. Page, Atkinson, G. Joyce, and H. Meakin.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. To-night, at 9. Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. To-night and every evening, at 8.15. Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. To-night and every evening, at 8.30. MR. LEWIS WALLER as MONSIEUR BEAUCAMPE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give Representations of Shakespeare's Play, EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and until further notice. MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY, at 2.30. Sir Arthur Sullivan's Music with full Orchestra. Scenery by H. Potts. Box-office open 10 to 10.50. Special Reductions for Schools.

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove. WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY. 200th PERFORMANCE. LANTERN NEXT. The real cake walk. WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY. MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

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MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR—THIS WEEK, LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH. The "OLD HEAD" (M. BERO) will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S at the end of January.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. (Lessee, CHAPPELL and CO., LIMITED.) REGENT-STREET and PICCADILLY. Under the auspices of the Lyceum Theatre, Lecture Bureau (proprietors, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode). THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, at 8 p.m. A LANTERN LECTURE.

THE ROMANCE OF THE "DAILY MAIL." By Mr. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH. Will be delivered by Mr. J. C. FOULE (of the "Daily Mail"). Doors open at 7.30. Selections of music will be performed during the evening. ADMIS- SION BY TICKET (numbered and reserved). To be obtained on personal application or by post (on sending stamped and addressed envelope) from Messrs. EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, Great New-street, E.C.4. The "DAILY MAIL" Office, Carmelite House, Tally-street, E.C.

APOLLO SALON. 119, Regent-street, S.W. APOLLO CONCERTS. Winter Series. THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 12, at 3.30 p.m.

APOLLO PIANO PLAYER. THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 12, at 3.30 p.m. Violinist—Miss EVELYN TYLER. Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Player. For special Invitation Cards please apply to the Manager, Concert Department, Apollo House, 119, Regent-street, London, W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second hand plate and jewels at any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

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BIRTHS.

COOK.—On Nov. 4, at Harrogate, O.R.C. South Africa, the wife of Captain G. R. Cook, 3rd Dragon Guards, of a daughter.

HUTCHINSON.—On Nov. 3, the wife of the Rev. T. W. Hudson, Warden of St. Edward's School, Oxford, of a son.

ROBINSON.—On Nov. 4, at Habblerly Hall, Pontefract, the wife of Wm. Robinson, of a daughter.

TILNEY.—On Nov. 2, at Edinburgh, the wife of Major W. A. Tilney, 17th Lancers, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ATKINSON-HICKS.—On Nov. 5, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, by the Rev. Canon John Finch, M.A. John Parkinson Atkinson, B.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., eldest son of J. P. Atkinson, M.D., of Saffron Walden, to Dorothy youngest daughter of Charles Francis Hicks, Esq., of Lindeth, Silvester, Lancs.

TOWNEND-HILL.—On Nov. 3, at St. Stephen's, Bay- water, by the Rev. H. C. W. Townend, assisted by the Rev. L. W. Wingfield. Alfred Marston, son of the late Rev. Henry Townend, Rector of Swanton-cum-Snarston, Leicestershire, to Edith Amelia, daughter of the late Col. R. Hill, Esq., and granddaughter of the late General Hill, of Milton House, Newton Abbott.

DEATHS.

DE BUSSY.—On Nov. 3, in Paris, Elzira, widow of Count Antoine de Bussy, and daughter of the late William Fremonger, of Wharfedale, Yorkshire, the late Mrs. Thompson.—On Nov. 3, at Parkgate, Gussley, the Dowager Lady Thompson, aged 89 years.

VIVIAN.—On Nov. 4, at Bourne-mouth, Gertrude Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Vivian, of Meadowside, Hayle, Funeral S. Erth Church, Cornwall, 5.30. Tues- day.

WOOD.—On Nov. 5, 1903, at Castle-hill, Dunfermline, near Derby, Evelyn Mary, wife of Samuel Duffield, wood- merchant, 57 years.

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The Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1903.

WOMEN NOT MUSICIANS?

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.

WHY is it that no woman has ever yet produced a great work of music? Must it be confessed that, in music at least, woman is an interpreter, not a creator?

We look to woman for the most exquisite vocal effects, for marvellous technical brilliance, for a mastery of fluent execution to which men less easily attain. We look to woman for the composition of graceful songs and elegant morceaux for the pianoforte, and we do not look in vain.

But in the highest domain of instrumental or choral creation, the sonata, the symphony, the oratorio, and the opera, we may look long and find little that bears the name of woman.

It cannot be asserted that woman has not had the chance, that her education has been neglected. In many respects, it is true, feminine education in the past was sadly overlooked. But in music women have generally had facilities that have been denied to men. At a time when woman's education was almost limited to so-called accomplishments, music was the foremost of those pretty hobbies. It came within the curriculum of a girl when for a boy it was exceptional and rare.

Three centuries ago, it is true, most men could sing in part, and many could perform; but women shared at least equally in these acquirements, and when music died out of the life of the average man (killed largely by Puritanism) it retained its position in the life of the women. The answer, therefore, can hardly be that woman's musical education has been neglected.

Some people may carelessly say that the same thing may be observed in other spheres of art, literature, and science. In painting, women may not have equalled, or even rivalled, the greatest men; but they have done work that is very notable. In poetry they have given us no Homer, Shakespeare, or Dante, no Wordsworth and no Tennyson; but they have produced Sappho, Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti. In fiction they may have given us no Cervantes, Scott, Thackeray, Hugo, Balzac, or Tolstoy; but they have produced a Jane Austen, George Eliot, Georges Sand, and the two Brontës, while at this moment they can boast a Mrs. Ward, a Lucas Malet, and a Mrs. Craigie, to speak of British writers alone. Here, in the novel, they are disputing with men on equal terms, and disputing so successfully that only a hair's breadth divides them from the greatest.

Why is it so utterly different in music? Where is the famous composition that can compete for a moment with a symphony of Beethoven or Mozart, a musical drama of Wagner, a fugue of Bach, a chorus of Handel? To come to our own country and generation, where is the feminine Sullivan, the feminine Elgar?

ABOUT WAISTS.

By A. MAN.

RECENT discussions have tempted me to ask the question whether men admire slender waists in women. At the outset, fader and gentler reader, let it be stated (lest I frighten you from the subject) that this is no mere lecture on "the evils of tight lacing."

The answers I have received to the question from men of my acquaintance lead me

to the conclusion that seven men out of ten do not take any particular notice of the waists of their women acquaintances. Two express themselves as objecting to very narrow waists. "They aren't natural, you know," says one; "while yet another declared he did not dislike a small waist."

Of course, not every having worn corsets myself, I am not qualified to speak from my own experience as to the effects of wearing them, but a man I know, who took a woman's part in some amateur theatricals, tells me the wearing of stays felt like being in the grip of one of those big snakes that coil themselves round and round their victim and squeeze him to death.

Notwithstanding, however, what many people may say, it is a fact that in well developed people—in men as well as in women—there is a graceful waist, and really the waist should be the narrowest part of the body. If anyone doubts this, let him glance at a photographic picture of Sandow, particularly in one of his poses with the chest well-inflated, and it will be seen how relatively small is his waist.

The desire on the part of a woman to have a good waist is therefore not an unnatural one. The evil, of course, arrives when the idea is carried to extremes.

Those who ought to be considered the best judges of female beauty—the artists—never picture their ideal women with very small waists. The beautiful statue of the Venus di Milo has been mentioned in this connection perhaps too often, but there is no other piece of sculpture that points the argument so forcibly. Every admirable sculptor and painter follows the lesson it offers.

DOES THE ATHLETIC GIRL ATTRACT?

By A. WALLIS MYERS.

THE masculine mentor who sees something unattractive in the modern athletic girl must renounce the faith that is in him. He must admit that his cynicism was unwarranted. Facts in abundance have lately been forthcoming that point to the opposite conclusion—indeed, they place the golf green and the hockey field in the forefront of marriage markets.

At least half a dozen of the leading hockey clubs in this country are lamenting the retirement of shining lights who have, as it were, relinquished their sticks at the altar. On the other hand, many lady golfers and hockey players, in changing their names, are retaining unabated their love for their favourite game.

What are the causes of this engagement epidemic that has suddenly swept over of athletic realm? They are not very difficult to descry. The unconventional freedom which a healthy participation in sports implies naturally engenders a communion with the other sex on matters germane to the particular pastime. It invites comparisons in methods, criticism, and advice. The point of mutual accord is established, the ice is broken, and platonic friendship may easily ripen into something more profound and lasting.

But does not the athletic girl herself unconsciously attract? If she excels to a great degree and achieves a record in golf, or is even pre-eminent with the billiard cue, admiration is kindled in the masculine breast. On the other hand, if she absolutely breaks down, the opportunity for encouragement is so real as to be most valuable. Even allowing that she is only an average performer, her personal appearance may be such that, unadorned with artificial aids, it creates a more than fleeting impression.

In the majority of love-at-first-sight cases that have resulted in successful marriages the psychological moment has probably occurred when women have not been dependent on the artificial agencies which a ball-room is supposed to supply. It might, indeed, be said with some degree of safety that daylight has stood a better chance. For in the fresh air of the open day illusion and caprice are not so likely to play their part. The woman is seen to better advantage, the man is on safer ground, and Cupid has a clearer conscience.

These numerous athletic engagements, with their conventional ending, demonstrate another fact. They show that a girl remains a girl, and can exercise as much influence over men's hearts when she takes to hockey, golf, or other branches of sport, which man created and developed, as if she left them alone. In truth, in many instances, her power gains in force.

Matches compacted on the green should benevolently have a double meaning.

QUEEN FOR A YEAR.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LADY MAYORESS.

THE position of the Lady Mayoress of London is one of the most onerous that can fall upon any woman. To be civic queen for a year over a great metropolis like London carries with it certain duties, and entails such heavy responsibilities that an ordinary woman might almost sink under the burden of the position—a position that is, from every point of view, one of the most important ones that any woman can occupy. And yet, fortunately, the civic annals record nothing but the happiest success of every individual Lady Mayoress, who, each in her turn, has done something to confer distinction upon the post she has so triumphantly graced.

The Lady Mayoress-Elect.

The Lady Mayoress-elect, Miss Ritchie, who will to-day enter upon her duties, has hitherto led the usual social life of the cultured woman, but she possesses certain happy qualifications that will enable her to occupy the civic throne with pronounced distinction. In the duties of hospitality she will be assisted by her sister, while she is also the proud possessor of two tiny nephews, one of whom is to act to-day as train-bearer to his grandfather, Sir James Ritchie.

A Note on Her Predecessors.

The retiring queen of the City of London, Lady Samuel, will leave nothing but pleasant reminiscences behind her. Her predecessors, Lady Dimsdale and Miss Haydn Green, the last-named being the daughter of the then Lord Mayor of London, were equally distinguished for their charm of manner, while both were noted for their appreciation of literature and poetry.

The Duties of the Office.

Manifold are the duties that pour in upon a Lady Mayoress. Invitations crowd upon her. The queen of the Mansion House is always in request. Early in the morning she is confronted with a huge batch of cosmopolitan correspondence, invitations to all sorts of functions, petitions of every description, and, of course, the inevitable batch of begging letters. Here the Lady Mayoress has the assistance of the Lord Mayor's private secretary, while the Chief Clerk of the Justice Room advises her with regard to the begging fraternity.

Social Hospitality.

Seldom passes a day without a luncheon party, small or large; while in the afternoon some duty such as a visit to a charitable institution, a bazaar, or possibly a meeting at the Mansion House, is sure to be fulfilled. Periodically, there are receptions at the Mansion House, where the Lady Mayoress receives her guests in the Grand Saloon and occupies a chair of state. The evening brings a big dinner at the Mansion House, followed by a ball; or there is sure to be some entertainment which will detain the Lady Mayoress until a late hour.

The Qualifications of a Lady Mayoress.

Thus it will be seen that the Lady Mayoress must be possessed of great adaptability, knowledge, and an abundance of social tact, for her office brings her into contact with persons of every degree. It is also desirable that she be a fluent linguist, especially in these days of an interchange of visits with foreign countries. In a few days, for instance, the Lady Mayoress will doubtless have the privilege of receiving the King and Queen of Italy, a visit which will confer great éclat upon her reign.

The Importance of Chiffons.

A most important consideration is the question of dress, for the Lady Mayoress is compelled to have a constant change and variety of gowns. This item must necessarily be a costly one, while the labour expended, even in choosing and fitting on the gown, must inflict a heavy additional burden on the time of the Lady Mayoress.

Maid of Honour.

In common with royalty the Lady Mayoress has her maids of honour. The rights of precedence in City circles, the entrée of Buckingham Palace with the privilege of using the City entrance, are also honours which appertain to her office. Although the Lady Mayoress may go into office without a prefix, on leaving it the title of "My lady," to which she has grown accustomed during her tenure, is hers by right (that is to say, if she be the wife and not the daughter of the Chief of the City), for the retirement of a Lord Mayor minus the added dignity of a knighthood or baronetage is practically unknown.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 9.—This is King Edward's day. Sixty-two years ago the booming of the guns told the waiting people that an heir to the throne was born.

The Victorian era had lately dawned, and England was glad to have a Queen on the throne once more. No birth had been so welcomed in England for generations as that of Queen Victoria's first son.

Seven hundred English women wanted the post of nurse to the future King, and no glimpse of England on that day is quite so happy as that from Punch of long ago:

Huzzah! we've a little Prince at last,
A roaring, Royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.

And the Park guns have blazed away,
And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air has been filled since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys.



SOME DECREES OF MADAME LA MODE.

WITHOUT doubt the latest necessity for the peace of mind of the smart woman is a long black fox boa with a couple of heads, crossing at the back. White fox is also much worn, but black holds the palm, merely because white has been somewhat vulgarised by cheap imitations. The black fox needs to be of an exquisite quality, as then it has a beautiful sheen which gives an appearance of richness.

Chiffon and Lace.

It is often mooted that the day of the blouse is done, that costume bodices will now alone obtain, etc., etc., but, nevertheless, the blouse remains ever with us, only becoming more and more elaborate and beautiful with the passing seasons. Chiffon and lace are the favourite materials at present, the latter being excessively becoming, especially with furs, and making a lovely background for any jewellery which is worn, but the former allowing far more scope for an individual and striking colour scheme.

An Old Miniature.

Take, for instance, a lovely maize-coloured creation worn by a lady around whose youthful face the hair had become grey, that very soft, brownish grey to which golden tresses turn. On this coiffure a black beaver tricornie simply bound with gold galon looked singularly fitting. The gold and maize with the brownish-white hair gave one a vivid impression that the wearer must be the original of an old miniature come to life. To go into detail, the blouse was of the chiffon, plissé very finely. Delicate lace motifs gave the Victorian outline to the shoulders, while the sleeves, which were an important feature, had full puffs of the plissé chiffon, of which the lower part was finely ruffled and gathered into a very deep gauntlet cuff of the lace.

Some Delicious Creations.

Another enviable garment of the blouse persuasion is made in delicate pink chiffon, the colour of a Princess of Wales rose. It is rucked infinitesimally on a bolero, which has scalloped edges, and opens over a fine lace front. This confection gives a brown costume just the cheeriness it lacks. And a remaining blouse, which somehow recalls a luscious pile of whipped cream, consists of a bolero of heaviest Irish guipure, over cream chiffon. Lace sleeves come to the elbow, and below that those of the chiffon have inch-wide tucks

THE HOUR - GLASS OF FASHION

surrounding them, while the lace is connected in front by a little bunch of chiffon tassels.

In sables the best models are the pelerines drawn into a couple of clasps at the waist, and quite innocent of any decoration in the way of heads or tails. These are reserved for the muff, which hardly looks complete now without some part of the little animal's anatomy

wear a most happy innovation is a coat of rough reversible reefer cloth in dark blue lined with light blue. Whereas for travelling a long ulster of the same thing with a red lining is a sartorial consolation for the roughest weather.

Tout à fait chic is a toilette of rough grey frieze, which displays a skirt that is gathered



FASHION WHISPERS FROM BRUSSELS.

BLACK and white creations appeal strongly to the Belgian modiste, and in Brussels they are to be seen at their best; in fact, they have a cachet of their own which is rarely to be noticed elsewhere.

A very smart black taffetas gown which will be seen in coming season in some of the most exclusive salons here had the skirt made with large flat plaits, edged each side with a narrow black and white trimming which terminated in a point, edged with fringe to match, just below the knee in front, and going gradually higher at the back; between each plait were three diamonds of fine black lace showing the white silk lining underneath, which were also graduated in size, and placed each a few inches above the other. The bodice was slightly full, and the plaits were so arranged as to give a drooping pelerine effect, this being continued on the sleeves. An exquisite muff of this regal fur was large and square in shape, with heavy knotted silk cords and tassels draping in front, and the bottom was edged with many minute tails; it was lined with white satin.

An Exquisite Muff.

Ermine is in greater favour than ever, and is to be much used for the linings of stoles, cloaks, etc., when its pure whiteness is likely to be too trying to the complexion. An exquisite muff of this regal fur was large and square in shape, with heavy knotted silk cords and tassels draping in front, and the bottom was edged with many minute tails; it was lined with white satin.

Among the smaller toilette accessories noticed was a soft white motoring veil with a deep hem-stitched border stitched with black silk and decorated with black velvet spots. Black and white linen collars are to be worn, and have a large variety of form; some have turnover bands of the black linen; others alternate tucks of the same, and many of them have a narrow black border with the modish cravat ends sprinkled over with black hand-embroidered designs.

A Charming Jacket.

One of the prettiest creations hitherto seen was in the new velvet chinchilla; which is verily a marvel in its similitude to nature. It was a jacket in Russian blouse form, and was lined with pale mauve and white brocade. The wide plaited vest hung from a small empicement and collar of pale grey cloth with incrustations of white velvet embroidered in delicate pastel shades, and it fell straight outside a very deep belt of grey cloth.



A DESIRABLE FUR COATEE.

Made of black broad-tail, the fronts opening on a vest of dull tomato-red velvet, a turnover collar of the latter finishing the throat in a refreshingly original manner.

attached. One of this year's novelties is the white broad-tail, with little black fur-rounded snippets put on to give the effect of ermine, and very pleasing is the result.

Smart Wraps.

For those who feel the cold, and there is a great difference in people's susceptibility in this respect, a really stylish wrap is always a cause for anxiety. But the final development of the once so smart and now back-neved military coat puts the anxiety at rest. It is just a simple three-quarter garment perfectly cut and made in immaculate face cloth with facings and collar of the same material in palest shades slightly embroidered. For example, a black coat with front and sleeve facings, and collar of cream cloth with pale gold silk embroideries picked out with black, looks charming on a grey-haired lady; a more youthful garment is in dark navy with the facings of sky blue also lightly traced with needlework. And for country

on the hips and behind, half-way to the knees occurring a single narrow scalloped frill, followed, lower down, by two of the same sort, three appearing at the feet. The small bolero, which fastens up the-back, reaches to the bust, where it reveals a scalloped edge, above a very full blouse of red chiffon, decorated with tucks and lines of fine black lace insertion, the waist being encircled by a deep black leather belt; while the elbow sleeves, which have no shoulder seam, allow a liberal view of chemisette sleeves, entirely composed of tucked chiffon frills, bordered with narrow black lace. This coupling of chiffon with thick woollen materials is unusually effective, if a trifle incongruous. And after all is said each style is a law unto itself, and what we think incongruous one day is admired the next. It is for novelty that we are always seeking, and who stops to question the way it is obtained.

The velvet we see cheerfully alluded to as being piped and gathered is not the velvet of our forbears, but a season's novelty, light and supple as soft satin, and having a slightly panne effect, though it wears much better than this material.



NAPOLEON TOQUE

Of white felt, very simply trimmed with a deep braid and coquille of gold galon and aigrette.



THE NEW SERVICE TOQUE,

Arranged in rough red beaver felt, with straps of ivory cloth caught down with gilt buttons.



The House Beautiful -

Suggestions for the Furnishing of Modern Bedrooms.

LET comfort predominate in the sleeping-rooms in which quite half our lives are spent. Let them be bright, cheerful, and above all perfectly ventilated, for on that health depends. Too many draperies and hangings, only harbour dust and microbes, and to wake up cool and refreshed is essential if we are to feel invigorated for the day's work. Walls covered with material instead of with paper are a receptacle for dust; yet some wealthy people actually order tapestries and silk panellings for their bedrooms, a foolish display of ostentation much to be deplored.

The Charm of Chintz.

For brightness and cleanliness, one's thoughts naturally turn to chintz, when hangings for the apartment come under consideration. Chintz only requires to be wiped with a dry chamois leather to remove all dust. Have you not experienced the charm of waking up in a light, cheerful bedroom? Even in London, or in any great city, let your bedroom have, if possible, a contrived look; a result easily attained by using chintz.

A good scheme for a pretty bedroom is white paint, a good white striped or moiré paper, with a flowered border to panel out the wall, and go round the doors and fireplace, with which should be a plain carpet in whatsoever colour is desired to be the keynote of the decoration.

Mahogany is a Beautiful Wood.

To intensify the old-fashioned appearance of this room it ought to be furnished with mahogany furniture, which can be bought quite as reasonably and even at lower prices than very good modern mahogany; while there is no question as to which looks most beautiful.

A tallboy chest of drawers is a useful possession, and a good wardrobe is a necessity. There should be an old-fashioned dressing-table that opens, and has its own glass; one of the type of tables that has sides which make an excellent place for the accessories of

a dressing-table, and, if possible, a wash-stand of the same description, also used with the sides opened.

Chintz curtains, one of the old patterns revived, so charming both in colouring and design, should be chosen with old-fashioned valances to them, fastened back with plain bands, or large bows of chintz. The sofa and chairs should have loose chintz covers; there should be plain muslin curtains to hang inside the chintz ones, and short blinds of muslin, and the bedspreads and bed valance should be made of plain or broché linen the same colour as the carpet.

A bookcase is a necessity, and if the room is a large one there should be a writing table underneath it; everyone likes to write in their own room when the spirit moves them.

Though left to the last, by far the most important piece of furniture in the room is the bed. In these days it is inexcusable that uncomfortable beds should be found, for the wire-spring bed has brought comfort within the reach of the most slender purse. Of course, the mattress must also be good, or half the benefit of the wire-spring one will cease to be, and nothing but hair is ever really satisfactory; mixtures of hair and wool soon become hard and lumpy.

Four-Poster Beds in Vogue.

A square down pillow or two should complete the equipment, with the usual bolster or without it. The bedstead can be either of brass or wood, but let it be of the plainly severe order, with no ornamentation or carving. Old four-poster beds are now being eagerly bought and reconstructed. They are generally very short, and so not exactly agreeable, but can be lengthened by a clever carpenter. Our ancestors evidently liked sleeping in a cramped position.

In these days linen is so reasonable in price that sheets and pillow-slips may easily be of the daintiest description. Such small details give the finishing touch to the apartment.

Another scheme for a bedroom is this. Take a pretty flowery chintz-patterned wall-paper, and plain or broché linen for curtains, covers, and bedspreads, the same colour as the carpet. The plain linens are much improved by hav-

ing flowered chintz bands to fasten them back, and chintz stitched down them about two inches from the edge of the curtain. There should also be a chintz band on the frills of the loose covers, and on the bed valance, and bedspread. On this latter leave a five-inch margin of linen with a chintz band. There are special chintzes sold adapted for cutting up for this purpose.

A few remarks as to the spare room. Have you ever had a truthful friend, who has told you its imperfections? If so, she (it is sure to be a she) has most probably ceased to be regarded in the light of a friend ever since.

For the Well-Being of the Guests.

Your best plan is to sleep in the spare room or rooms, and test the comfort of the bed; also dress there, and prove whether the dressing-table is at the proper angle for use, instead of being placed (as it so often is) in a dark corner with no light, because the room looks prettier with it there.

Another essential point as far as a visitor's comfort is concerned is plenty of room for raiment, so that boxes may be unpacked and taken away—a little attention that tends to make the guest feel at home. A really good wardrobe, not one in which there is just room to hang a dressing-gown and skirt, must be provided; also a chest of drawers for linen and odds and ends, and, if space is an object, let this be low enough to be used as a writing-table, though it will naturally not make a very comfortable one, unless it has a special writing ledge to pull out or push in.

THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD.

Every well-regulated medicine cupboard, whether it is in the charge of the head nurse or the mistress of the household, should contain a stock of simple remedies to meet all emergencies.

It can hardly be urged too strongly that the medicine cupboard should contain no poisons. In the hurry and excitement of an accident or a suddenly developed illness it is an easy thing to mistake one bottle for another; repeated calamities of the saddest possible kind have shown that this is no imaginary danger. The cupboard should not be locked, otherwise the key may be missing just at the most critical moment. So let it be placed out of reach of the children but easy of access to everyone else.

Essential Contents.

Besides a clinical thermometer the well-stocked chest must contain the following simple dressings: Flax lint, absorbent (not medicated) wool, which commodities are usually sold by the pound (a quarter to half a pound of each will be ample), half a yard of oiled silk, or gutta percha tissue which is

quite as good and less than half the price, a book of ordinary court plaster, three or four bandages lin. and 2½ in. wide, safety pins, and a pair of scissors. These under no circumstances whatever should be borrowed. Borrowers from the medicine chest should be regarded and treated as thieves.

Applications for External Use.

Boric ointment, since it is mildly antiseptic, may with advantage replace vaseline for small cuts, abrasions, scratched shins, and knuckles. It is valuable for sore eyelids, and may be applied to the margins of the lids at night when they show a tendency to stick together on waking in the morning. This should always be kept in the cupboard.

A second ointment that will be found useful, particularly in winter, is made of ten drops of solution of coal tar, a drachm of vaseline, and an ounce of lanoline; it may be scented with four or five drops of oil of geranium. Here we have an ointment that is especially good for chapped hands and for the nostrils during a heavy cold.

Wounds and Bruises.

All wounds must be well bathed in a lotion of boric acid before being bound up, to cleanse them thoroughly from every deleterious substance, such as dirt. The boric acid is best kept as a powder, and a tablespoonful dissolved in half a pint of hot water may be mixed as required.

A small bottle of hazeline should also certainly have a place in the medicine chest. Diluted with water and applied on a piece of lint it will ease the pain and lessen the disfigurement of a bruise, and, if used early enough, will often quite prevent the bump that follows a fall on the forehead. The hazeline will do no harm even if the skin is broken. It has, on the contrary, distinctly healing qualities. A further use to which hazeline may be put is for the arrest of nose bleeding; a little of the fluid diluted and snuffed up the nostrils from the palm of the hand will usually stop the bleeding.

Carron Oil for Burns.

As an application for burns and scalds carron oil is both protective and healing. It is made of equal parts of lime water and linseed oil, and should be applied on strips of lint, which should be covered with a thick layer of wool and a bandage. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that the smooth and not the woolly surface of lint should always be placed in contact with an injured surface.

A Tincture with a Double Value.

Two drachms of tincture of iodine in a small glass-stoppered bottle will be found useful for painting the gum near an aching tooth, and, as it is often effectual for application to unbroken chilblains, it should be numbered among the cupboard's habitations.

Appointments.
The Emperor of Russia.
The Queen of Romania.
The Grand Duchess Kate of Russia.
The Duchess of Devonshire.
The Princess Victoria of Wales.
The Princess Christian of Denmark.
The Princess Elizabeth of Wied-Neuwied.
The Princess Christian.
The Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).
The Queen of Monaco.
The Duchess of Albany.
The Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg.
The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.
The Princess Louise of Prussia.
The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg.
The Princess Louise of Saxe-Meiningen.
The Princess Louise of Saxe-Altenburg.
The Princess Louise of Saxe-Weimar.

Memo. from

Telephone No. 1, 250, DADDINGTON.

CHARLES LEE & SON,

The Royal Specialists for Ladies' Wear,

98 & 100 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Complete Ladies' Outfitters and Manufacturers of Costumes, Tea & Dressing Gowns, Millinery, Outfitting and Corsets, Blouses, Hosiery and Gloves, Lace and Veils.

Makers of the
"ROYAL CRESCENT" VEIL (REGD.)
"LEEWIG PETTICOAT" (PATENT.)

November 6th, 1903.

To the Advertisement Manager,

"THE DAILY MIRROR."

Dear Sir,

I think you would be pleased to know that I have had immense success from my advertisement in "The Daily Mirror," which lasted several days. I have had twenty-one orders to-day even. Of course, I consider I am advertising a good patent article which draws, but I shall advertise other departments from time to time.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

Charles Lee

POINTS ON



The value of Oxo lies in its speedy nourishing power.

Oxo puts the energising, nourishing force of the best beef into the blood in the shortest possible time.

Oxo sustains—strengthens—feeds.

Oxo dispels wet weather despondency.

Oxo makes a delightful, sustaining light lunch.

After the theatre there is no night-cap so nice as a cup of Oxo.

Oxo is a powerful promoter of health and the natural enemy of all illness.

OXO Free Portraits.

Full particulars round every bottle of OXO, or direct from OXO PORTRAIT OFFICE, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

HEALTH FOR
THE WINTER.

PORTRAITS FOR
THE HOME.

Dainty Frocks for Children, and a Useful Pattern.

A
BLOUSE
OF
CREPE
DE
CHINE.



THE BLOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

SEVERAL USEFUL SUGGESTIONS—A SPECIAL MODEL.

A CHARMING fancy is to have blouses of cream cloth embroidered on the material with white thread, rather wandering designs of raised leaves and flowers being used. Or another equally attractive novelty is Algerian cross-stitch embroidery; this is assured of the best favour, and appears to particular advantage on pale blue crêpe de Chine, arranged with a high yoke, and stole ends of the embroidery surrounded and cut into by coarse cream guipure. And yet one other model most worthy to be chronicled is of white crêpe de Chine, patterned with tiny rosebuds. While a change from the hackneyed fagot-stitching is to have narrow bands joined by button-holed loops—a departure that looks simply delightful on the round yoke of a light crêpe de Chine.

A Parrot Cry.

Where blouses are concerned it is a very parrot cry, this one of crêpe de Chine. Nor is it a fabric by any means as costly as the uninitiated frequently imagine, since the best qualities are almost uncrushable and the lighter tones clean again and again without marring in the slightest degree the pristine gloss and beauty of the material. And after crêpe de Chine there comes that lovely Orient satin, a fair quality of which can now be bought for 1s. 11d. a yard, or thereabouts. But, of course, the woman who is wise will realise at once the lasting value of a better, firmer make.

The Home Work-room.

Perhaps there is no finer school wherein to learn the wisdom of a first heavy outlay being the least than the home work-room, where those who personally construct or merely superintend the making of a blouse are made to realise the waste of putting time, trouble, and care into poor material. Hence is there a plea for this specially designed model illustrated above, that it shall be expressed in a good quality crêpe de Chine in either emerald green, rose, or palest blue, allied to a finely patterned guipure lace.

The suggested outline is that of a tucked bolero falling over a little shirt of lace, and completed by a long-shouldered empiement of the same lace, outlined by two strips of narrow black ribbon velvet, this meeting short cape or epaulette sleeves of the crêpe, which in their turn fall over full bouffants of lace. Thus, the constructive story of an idea that will meet the requirements of many in their search for a blouse at once simple and smart.

Quantity of double width crêpe de Chine required for this model is 14 yards, piece lace 3 yards, insertion 12 yards, velvet 5 yards.

Flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6d.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD GLOVES.

It is always a first essential with the perfectly turned out woman that she shall be bien gantée; since nothing is of more material injury to the most immaculate costume than gloves ill-chosen, badly-fitting, or decayed. No one can deny that this is a serious item with the slender income, although a certain discretion and wisdom in selection assists very considerably towards meeting a satisfactory demand.

And it is just here that the London Glove Company comes in. As specialists they meet every desire, the modest together with the most extravagant.

Washable French Kid.

But the choice is far too vast for any sort of detailed description to be attempted. Suffice it to say, then, that in gloves for day wear they are offering a first-class quality in a washable French kid, closing with the now correct two large pearl buttons, at 3s. 9d. the pair. And a capital French Suède, four-button length, also washable, at 3s. 11d.; both these running through a pleasant range of neutral tints and black. The Esmé, again a four-button kid, at 2s. 6d., smartly finished with rather heavy points, is an exceptionally nice choice, in a long range of useful tints. While in evening gloves a twelve-button mousquetaire is justifiably entitled "Merveille," at 1s. 9d.; the twenty-button length running to 2s. 4d. These in white and cream only.

And yet another deeply interesting feature, for the moment, is lingerie of the daintiest and most decorative order, the which is being offered at almost nominal prices, so the chance is verily unique for the woman whose taste in this direction is disposed to out-run her dress allowance.

AN IMMEDIATE NEED.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR PRETTY CHILDREN.

ANXIETY already reigns in the nursery as to what the small denizens therein shall wear at the parties which have already begun. Soft silks, satins, muslin, and lace float before the motherly visions, distracted by fear that their own particular darlings will be outshone through lack of a proper understanding and knowledge of what La Mode has dictated.

Well, it is a most bewildering choice that is offered, and by way of clearing the way a little there shall be discussed and described the adjoined group, which comprises several novel and, at the same time, perfectly practical suggestions. For the day has passed when it was deemed necessary to let children suffer to be beautiful.

Taking this small gallery in their order, we find to the extreme left a dainty damsel of some six or seven years, clad in soft white China silk, discreetly relieved by a slightly tinted fillet lace, the frock completed by a belt of velvet passed through a buckle in front. A sweetly pretty little frock again is that one of accordion-kilted mousseline, worn pinafore-wise, over a silk under-dress, and tied up on the shoulders with bows of ribbon.

The sweet chubby baby thing is most suitably garbed in a simple frock of nainsook and tiny Swiss-embroidery, the handsome sash of rich peau-de-soie ribbon passed through slips of the embroidery. Another deliciously childish notion is the pinafore-dress to the right, of finest French muslin, cut square at the throat, where a ribbon threaded through a lingerie heading makes a bright effective finish. This frock also asks the service of a silk for its best completion.

And the eye travelling upwards is met again to the right by the quaintest, most picturesque girlie, arranged in a long skirted gown of

oyster white satin, with cape epaulettes of very fine lawn and lace, while the piece across the front is embroidered in floss silk; her immediate companion wearing silk muslin, falling from a round yoke, stitched with folds of pale blue silk, and embroidered in tiny French knots.



"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of cut, or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

DAINTY DRESS FOR LITTLE FOLK.



Beauty & the Bath.

Spartan Ways of Cultivating Comeliness.

THE wealthy woman of to-day, tired of perfumed, milk, and distilled-water baths, is now trying old yet new forms of nature baths which she finds have a wonderful effect on her health. Those women who have been unable to visit the health resorts where the one form of medicine prescribed is simply a return to nature, may gain some of the same benefits by following at home the practice of using every day any of the latest modes of bathing.

Vitality and Fresh Air.

The air bath can be taken in a room, though the benefits are not as great as those acquired by the practice of walking clad in light attire in the open air, a cure by which many a woman has attained a fresh degree of vitality which has enabled her to resist the attacks of cold.

The ordinary cold sponge bath may be taken first and the window must be opened meanwhile, so that a strong current of air may enter. Physical exercises should be taken during the twenty minutes that must elapse before the bather completes her toilette.

Sunshine a Potent Beautifier.

To lie in the sun half an hour every morning with the head shielded from its too fierce rays is an admirable plan to secure health, but can only be practised in our country during a few short months in the year. Those who are going to winter in the sunny south are advised to try the plan. A well-known actress attributes her healthy skin to this process, and says that during last summer she lay in a punt for hours with her face upturned to the sun, in order to get the full benefit of the solar rays.

The earth bath is another form of bathing practised in various health resorts, and though it is impossible to carry it out at home, yet frequent washings and rubbings of the body with loam or clay make the skin beautifully clean, and give it both flexibility and suppleness.

Chromopathy is Advocated.

The colour bath is still another process advocated both for men and women to attain health and strength. Those who suffer from anaemia, or want of tone, should procure from their plumber a sheet of red glass ten inches by twelve, and place this in a window pane where the sun comes in daily for at least an hour. If the sun is powerful only ten minutes must be the duration of sitting in the coloured rays, but in the mild warmth of an autumn day the patient may sit for half an hour. The advocates of chromopathy, or the colour cure, also recommend the drinking of water which has been exposed to the rays of the sun passing through coloured

glass, and sufferers from sciatica, neuralgia, and like ailments are advised to imbibe daily water which has been warmed by the sun through a blue glass.

The bath par excellence for the cure of sleeplessness was prescribed by a physician for a society leader who had fallen a victim to neurasthenia and its attendant ills. She declared that its nightly use had made of her a new woman and one who was able to sleep the moment she laid her head on the pillow. The mixture consisted of four ounces of sea-salt, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, and eight ounces of pure alcohol, all mixed in a quart of hot soft water. Every night the body was sponged with the liquid and then rubbed with a Turkish towel until a warm glow set in. The patient then slipped into bed and fell asleep immediately.

THE LINEN PRESS.

RECIPES FOR THE REMOVAL OF OBSTINATE STAINS.

Before the laundry-man calls for the clothes on a Monday morning the careful housewife should have attended to the mending of her linen. She should shake it out to see if it requires any repairs, and if there should be any mischance be a cross cut or a worn place in it, the place should be darned.

Besides any mending that may be necessary, it is well to see if there be any stains on the cloth, such as iron mould, tea, coffee, fruit, or wine, and to remove them. The best way to obliterate iron mould is to rub the spot with lemon juice, and expose the piece of linen to the sun, a task that should be performed several times if the stain does not disappear at first.

Ink Stains.

If time or the weather do not allow of this treatment, rub the spot with a damp cloth dipped in salts of lemon, and pour boiling water on it. This almost always takes out the stain at once, but there should be a bowl of hot water ready, with some carbonate of soda dissolved in it. Into this dip the part of the cloth on which salts of lemon has been rubbed, as the alkali will counteract the action of the acid, and prevent a hole being burnt in the cloth. Ink stains, if freshly made, may be removed by soaking the stained part of the cloth in buttermilk, but if the ink be dried on, salts of lemon will have to be used.

Wine and fruit stains can be removed by soaking them in salt and lemon juice, afterwards pouring boiling water over them. Tea and coffee stains, which are perhaps the most frequently seen on tablecloths, can be removed by stretching the stained part of the cloth tightly over a basin, sprinkling powdered borax on the stain and pouring boiling water over it.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West-End shops.

No. 6.—BARLEY CREAM SOUP.

INGREDIENTS.—One quart of good white stock, two ounces of pearl barley, the yolks of four eggs, half a pint of cream, one ounce of butter.

Put the stock into a clean saucepan on the fire. When it boils sprinkle in the pearl barley, and let it boil gently for about ten minutes, keeping it well skimmed. Mix together the butter, cream, and yolks of eggs; pour the boiling soup on to these, stirring all the time. Put the soup back in the pan, and stir over the fire till it thickens, taking care it does not boil, or it will curdle. Season it carefully with salt and white pepper. Strain it into a hot tureen, and at the last minute add the garnish of croûtons.

Cost 2s. 6d.

No. 7.—CASSELETTES DE MARIE.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of potatoes, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, the raw yolk of one egg, frying fat, bread crumbs, tomato sauce, remains of cold meat, poultry or game, capers, tomatoes, mushrooms, white or brown sauce.

Boil and dry the potatoes carefully, and rub them through a wire sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the cooked potatoes, add the parsley, salt, pepper, and the yolk of egg. Stir this mixture over the fire until very hot.

Turn the mixture out on a plate to cool, and when it can be easily handled shape the mixture into small round cakes, about two and a half inches high. Dip each cake first in the beaten egg, then into the bread crumbs. Mark out with a small round cutter a lid on the top of each cake.

Fry the cakes to a golden brown in boiling fat. Carefully remove the lid with a knife, and scoop out the soft potato.

Then put into the case two teaspoonfuls of good tomato sauce, fill up the case gently with finely minced meat, poultry or game, which must be first mixed with white or brown sauce, sufficient to well moisten the mixture, add salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley and mushrooms.

On the top of each case, where the lid was removed, put a little pile of tomato, cut into small pieces, and a few halved French capers.

Cost 3s.

No. 8.—CHANTILLY PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS.—Four penny sponge cakes, two dozen ratafias, half-a-dozen macaroons, two ounces of shredded and browned almonds, an ounce of glacé cherries, half a pint of milk, four eggs, half a gill of cream, two ounces of chopped preserved ginger, one tablespoonful of the ginger syrup.

Thickly butter a plain round mould. Put a ring round the top of it of halved cherries. Sprinkle the middle and sides of the mould with the almonds. Fill up the mould loosely with alternate layers of the cakes, broken in pieces, and the ginger. Beat up the eggs, mix them with the milk, cream, and syrup. Pour this custard into the mould, which must be quite full. Allow the cake, &c., to soak for about an hour. Cover the top of the mould with a buttered paper, and steam it very gently for about one and a half hours. Allow the pudding to stand for a minute or so, then turn it out carefully on to a hot dish.

Cost 2s. 6d.

No. 9.—PINEAPPLE WATER ICE.

INGREDIENTS.—One large pineapple (fresh), one and a half lemons, two pounds of loaf sugar, one pint of water, a small pinch of cream of tartar.

Cut the top off the pineapple neatly, so that it will form a lid, then hollow out the inside, taking care not to cut it anywhere.

Put the water, sugar, and cream of tartar into a copper or steel pan. Allow them to stand till the sugar is dissolved. Then boil this syrup over a clear fire till, when a little of it is tested between the thumb and finger, on separating them it forms a thick thread. Skim the syrup well during the boiling.

Cut the pulp from the pineapple into small pieces, and put it well into the syrup. Put this pulp, with all the juice, syrup, and lemon juice, through a fine sieve. Allow this purée to cool, and then pack it into the freezing pot and freeze, but not too hard.

When frozen, place the mixture into the hollowed pineapple, replace the top, and serve quickly.

Cost 3s. 6d.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Fish Cakes. Rice Cutlets.
Game Patties. Toasted Bacon.
Buttered Eggs with Mushrooms.
Calves' Brains Fritters.

LUNCH.

*Barley Cream Soup,
Sardine Sandwiches.
Poached Eggs with Spinach.
Devilled Turkey Legs. Stuffed Cucumber.
Normandy Pippins and Cream.

COLD DISHES.

Cold Roast Beef with Horseradish Sauce,
Galantine of Chicken. Baked Ham.

TEA.

Crumpests.
Coconut Buns. Cream Biscuits.
Ginger Cake.

DINNER.

Soups.
Clear Soup with Italian Pasta,
Tomato Soup.

Fish.
Fried Whiting à la Française.
Scalloped Oysters.

Entrées.
*Cassolettes de Marie.
Filets of Beef à la Toulon.

Roasts.
Leg of Mutton. Roast Capon.

Game.
Pheasant à la Richelieu.
Filets of Hare with Poivrade Sauce.

Vegetables.
Seakale à l'Anglaise. Potato Ribbons.

Sweets.
*Chantilly Pudding. Russian Jelly.

Savouries.
Spanish Croûtons. *Rakamins.

Ice.
*Pineapple Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

The DAILY TIME SAVER

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on postcards, and be addressed to "Chief," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 12.

DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 7.—SOLE ALEXANDRA.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Put in a fish china dish one ounce of fresh butter, a teaspoonful of chopped shallots and parsley, a quarter of red claret, and half an ounce of good glaze; lay in a fine sole, nicely trimmed and well seasoned, set it boiling, put it in the oven, pouring continually on the sole its own liquor until it becomes rather thick.

Fry in butter the soft roes of six herrings, well seasoned and floured, place them on the sole, and serve the dish.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Brill. Cod. Dory.
Eels. Grey Mullet. Halibut.
Canadian Frozen Salmon.
Soles. Turbot. Whitebait. Prawns.
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CHAPTER VIII. Continued.

THE intense pathos of his father's prostrate form touched Philip to the quick. Without ceasing he blessed his wife; he attributed to her the great revolt of his whole nature against that awful momentary desire that his father should die, and the great change that had swept over him, and decided him that, if his father must die, he should die in peace.

Of his own accord he had sent for Father Lyle. He knew that, immediately his father gained sufficient strength to speak, he would make his confession to the priest, if he had not made it already. That, of course, did not affect the public side of the confession. Philip knew that the sorrows and sins of a man's heart are poured out into the ears of his priest under a seal of secrecy that nothing can break. But the other part would come. If Sir John would want to see Lord Clowes. He was not strong enough to go to him, then the stiff, self-satisfied, hard-featured peer would have to be sent for. Philip supposed he would send for him himself, and, no doubt, lead him to his father's bedside, and leave him there to hear the story that would rob him and Maria of their name.

He was strangely calm now that he had made up his mind, almost apathetic. He supposed it was a thing that had to be. Since that overwhelming change had swept over him, nothing seemed to matter but his father's peace of mind. Living or dead, the claims of his conscience must be satisfied. And what lifetime of ignominious hardships could atone for that murderous thought that he had for one moment harboured in his mind?

The Doctor was not long in coming. He was an obscure, but very brilliant man, who had been Sir John's medical adviser for many years.

Philip, after greeting him, left him with his patient. Sir John had not moved, or shown by any sign that he recognised the doctor; but his eyes followed Philip as he left the room.

Philip went downstairs. He had hardly entered the study when Father Lyle was shown in. He was a very handsome man, not yet forty. In figure, tall and commanding, he achieved the happy medium between the mount of unbecoming self-indulgence and the excessive and painful thinness of asceticism. His head was like a fine piece of Greek sculpture; the regular features were large, the skin was ivory-tinted, firm, and smooth; the eyes were grey under sweeping black brows; the black hair grew thickly and crisply round the temples.

He was dressed with scrupulous care. Indeed, there was an air of subdued richness about his appearance that was hard to account for, seeing that he wore only a plain cassock; but the glossy, black folds clothed his fine form most imposingly; his collar was of fine lawn, and the low shoes that encased his slender and well-shaped feet had plain silver buckles. It was something in the man himself that made these simple garments appear rich.

He looked as if he should have lived in the Middle Ages, when priestly magnificence was at its height. His calm, sculptured face wanted a background of costly marble, or old tapestry; his dignified figure called for the splendour of the Cardinal's red; his shapely white hand was made for the great jewelled ring of the pastoral ring. He would have looked magnificent being robed by attendant priests for the celebration of a gorgeous and historic Mass in the days when emperors journeyed to Rome to take their crown from the hands of the Pope.

There was no warmth in his graceful words of greeting. There existed between him and Philip an armed neutrality.

"You sent no message, Captain Chesney," he said, as the young man offered him a chair. "Is it very urgent? Does your father require the last Sacraments of the Church?" "You must hear what the doctor says," answered Philip, shortly. The priest's presence always placed him at a disadvantage; he had never been able to meet with the like quiet, indifferent graciousness of Father Lyle's manner. He mistrusted him, and he showed it. And, even now, in his mood of resignation, he could not help seeing in him the chief author of his imminent ruin.

"Was it one of his heart attacks?" asked the priest.

"Yes—a very sudden one. Just before he became unconscious, he asked to see you. That is why I sent. Doctor Forbes is with him now. When he comes away, you shall know."

The doctor appeared in about five minutes. Philip went out with him into the hall.

"He wants to see Father Lyle," said the doctor.

"He has spoken, then. He is himself again?"

"Only a few words. I think Father Lyle had better go up at once. He is very anxious."

Philip went and told the priest, and, when he had gone, led the doctor into the study.

"Doctor Forbes, what are you keeping from me?" he asked. "I can see by your face that something is the matter. Is the attack more serious than the others?"

"I fear it is," was the grave answer. "It is—a stroke—of—paralysis," he added in his most hesitating manner.

Bah! what did all that matter, since it had to be? There was Maria, who must be told. Who was going to tell her? He must. A fine task for a husband who has set his wife on a pedestal and worshipped her, to have to tell her that he had given her a false name, a false position; that they must go out into the world, beggars, that her most widely duty was to help him hide his shame!

A servant entered the room and told him that the doctor desired his presence upstairs.

He wanted to fly up, but his limbs were like lead. At last he would know—that the thing was done.

The doctor met him at the door between his father's bedroom and the monkish study. Philip looked into the farther room. It was dimly lit. He could just see the outline of a form on the great four poster, and at the foot knelt the priest, reciting Latin prayers in his beautiful, golden voice.

Philip drew back and gripped the doctor's arm. "What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Why have you sent for me? Is he dying?" The doctor drew him to the other end of the room, and they talked in whispers.

"I don't think—he will—die—to-night," said Dr. Forbes, with his characteristic pause between each word. When he was at all agitated it sounded grotesque.

"That means that he will die to-morrow?" asked Philip dully.

"I—I hope not. I—cannot—say. He—asked—Father Lyle to pray. Then he asked for you. The fact is—what causes me anxiety—is—his—brain."

"I hope it will pass, I sincerely—hope—so. But he seems a little strange. He cannot remember very clearly. The worst of it is that there is something he particularly wants to remember. He thought you could help him."

Philip stood transfixed. Something he particularly wants to remember!

"It is bad for him—the strain of trying to remember. I will give him a sleeping draught. It is quite possible that it is only temporary. Will you come in?"

Philip walked into the bed-room like one in a dream. Father Lyle was still kneeling; his prayer was in English now. His beautiful voice was eloquent; he seemed to pray as a man rather than a priest.

Through the chaos of sensations in his brain, Philip heard him, and felt more kindly towards him than he had ever done before. "Paralysis!" exclaimed Philip. He was horrified. The word called up to his mind all the terrors of a living death. "Do you mean that he will lose the use of his limbs?"

"I fear so. But I can say nothing definite yet. You told me so very vaguely what caused the attack. You were with him? Was he unusually excited? Did he receive any shock?"

"I—not that I know of," said Philip. The lie slipped from his lips almost unwillingly. It was the instinct of self-preservation that prompted it. It was just possible that his father might withhold his confession after all.

"I am going upstairs again," said the doctor. "I want to be in the next room while Father Lyle is with him, in case I am wanted. Keep up your courage! Directly he asks for you I will send down."

Philip dropped into a chair by the table. In a few moments Maria put her head in at the door, and said that she would come to him directly. She was now engaged in superintending the preparation of some remedies that were required. She just came and laid her soft hand on his shoulder and whispered a few words of tender sympathy and encouragement, and then she left him alone again.

He gazed vacantly across the room out of the open window into the still, cool night. The fragrance of the wet earth sickened him now. Had not this night of refreshment for the jaded, parched plant life outside laid the ruins of his happiness about him? His filial affection, his pity for the old man, smitten by this dreadful blow, was swallowed up in an awful suspense. What were they doing up there? Had his father confessed to the priest, and gained that absolution that his soul yearned for? Or, feeling himself near to death, had he dictated his confession? Then the doctor would witness it as well as the priest. That would be the first step towards announcing his sin to the world.

The young man shook himself impatiently. Since it had to be, what matter when? Why not try to think gentle thoughts of the old man for whose sudden breakdown he was himself responsible, with his hard, cruel words and cowardly reproaches? Why not try to pray for his recovery?

But he could not. His thoughts reverted always to that one burning question. What were they doing upstairs? Had the priest known the secret already when he came? Had he suspected the cause of Sir John's collapse? Did he know that the son was to be told to-night? Was it, perhaps, at his bidding? Had he chosen the time as well as the manner of confession? Was there the power of knowledge behind the suave urbanity of his glance?

The room was very dim; one light burned near the bed. The flames of a fire, hurriedly made, cast flickering shadows on the white walls, where their delicate stucco decorations, and drew gleams of brightness from the gold

thread embroideries in the silken curtains of the bed.

Sir John lay just as Philip had left him; his face was not quite so chalky; and his hands, which had retained their power of movement, strayed with feeble restlessness on the surface of the coverlet. His eyes sought his son's face and fixed themselves on it.

The silence of the room could be felt. The priest had ceased praying and had risen to his feet. In Philip's brain something was hammering wildly.

He cannot remember—there is something he particularly wants to remember!—God Heavens, had he forgotten that? Had this cruel, sudden blow robbed him of the memory of that act of reparation that he had determined to do?

The doctor bent over the figure on the bed. "Here is your son," he said. "Do you see him? He will help you, I expect. You said there was—something you wanted to remember—something you wanted to do?"

The blue eyes seemed to grow a trifle more animated; a vague, troubled look came into them.

"Philip," said Sir John. He was obviously trying to raise himself, and the doctor lifted his head, so that he might better see his son. "Philip!" The old man's voice was a mere thread. "I must die in peace. . . . I can't remember. . . . Philip. Before I die. . . . I must. . . . you know."

The words faded into the air. The doctor laid him down again. There was a silence. So he had not made his confession! He had forgotten. He could not remember. Philip's brain reeled. No one knew—as yet.

The priest turned to him and said, in his quiet tones: "Can you not satisfy your father, Captain Chesney? Do you not know what this thing is he is trying so painfully to remember?"

So even the priest did not know! If he knew, he could not look or speak like that. It was not ruin; it need not be. There was a thunderous noise in his ears. It seemed to him that at his feet was a host of grinning, jabbering demons beckoning to him.

He looked into the calm face of the priest, so that he might not see the vague and pitiable appeal in the eyes of his father, whom he was dooming to an unshriven death.

"No," he said, "I do not know."

CHAPTER IX.

"I have come to see your husband—you understand?"

Maria Chesney looked with fear-filled eyes into the face of Colonel Joscelyn, whom a servant had just ushered into the cool, dim, flower-filled room with the long windows that opened into the old-fashioned, fragrant, and sun-bathed garden of her father-in-law's house.

"Philip is out," she said.

"I am grateful. I must speak to you alone."

"Oh, but it is so dangerous. It is so unusual; you have never been to this house before. It is not for you to call on a subordinate on business. Don't you see?"

"Under the exceptional circumstances, your husband will understand why I have called on him," said the Colonel quietly. "As to the world, I am not a royal personage to have my every movement chronicled."

"But now—everybody will be talking about you. They will be watching you; they will wonder why you came here."

"I must risk that. There are things I must say to you."

"Oh, why? Every moment you are here, talking to me—"

"I know," he interrupted. "You will be in a fever until I have gone. I won't keep you long, Mrs. Chesney. Have you seen the papers?"

"Yes."

"Did you understand?"

"No—I understand nothing. I am dazed."

"You were splendid that night."

"I thought you had come to warn me that I had been seen," she said, in a low, fierce voice. "When I heard you say that—the he had committed suicide, and the ceiling did not fall and crush you, or the ground open and swallow you up, it was such a relief that it gave me life enough to walk out of the room."

"Why should the ceiling have crushed me?" he asked. "It was perfectly true. He committed suicide."

"But the night!" she moaned, without heeding him. "Oh, have you ever been in hell?"

"I did not spend a very quiet one myself," he said grimly. It was evident that he intended to keep up the rigorously commonplace and matter-of-fact character of their interview of the night before. "I found Ludovic Clare. And they took him away."

She had not asked him into the garden. She could not face the blazing sunlight. The rays of mellowed light that filtered through the blinds of Indian matting bathed the room in a soft clarity, and blurred the deep lines that the night had furrowed in her face. She sat in a chair by the big, book-strewn table, with her eyes averted from him. He stood with his back to the fire-place, and stared at the dusky, orange frieze above the oak that lined the walls.

"I burned your handkerchief," he said. "Thank you," she murmured, shivering, and, seeing it all again, the small room with the rose-shaded lights, the man's heavy

Continued on Page 14.

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continued from page 13.

face, the horrible smile on his lips, the thing that she had picked up at random from the table, the struggle, so sharp and instantaneous, that she did not even remember it, and the look on his face as he fell backwards with that one horrible cry. Again she went through the nightmare horror of the ball-room, and the solitary hours of the night and following day, when she fought for her reason with the fiends of hell.

"And I have brought you this." He took from one of his pockets a square bag of gold chain work, with large turquoises set in the clasp. He came and laid it on the table by her side.

"Thank you," she said again.

"Now let me tell you exactly what happened. It is better you should know. When you had had time to get well away, I sent my man for the police. When a constable arrived, I told him that I had been out since eight o'clock, and that, when I returned, at half-past ten, I found Lewis Detmold dead in my study, with a little poisoned Indian dagger that I had shown him that morning, and carelessly left on the table, lying by his side. My man corroborated my story, adding that Mr. Detmold came at about ten minutes to ten, and, hearing that I was out, said that he would wait for me. He showed him into my study, and thought no more about him until I came in. There was no one else about the place at the time. You see how simple it is. There will be an inquest to-morrow, and we shall repeat this story. My man has my orders. If they put out his eyes he would not say anything else."

"You forget—Philip," she whispered. "It was before half-past ten that he came. What did you say to him to make him go away?"

The man's face grew rigid. "That is the one thing that I must risk," he said.

"But, don't you see," she went on, with growing excitement, "that it is horribly dangerous for you? If he were to say that he found you in your rooms at a time when you said that you were not there, that you made

some excuse to get rid of him, that you did not say a word to him about a man having killed himself in your rooms—what construction would be put upon it?"

"Don't trouble about that, Mrs. Chesney. It does not matter in the least."

"But it does. It would be you who would suffer, instead of me. It is I who did this thing. Whether I actually killed him or not, I am responsible for his death. And if there are consequences to follow—suspicion or punishment—can I allow you to take them upon yourself? It is no child's play; it is murder that I have done."

"Hush!" the man said sternly; but his eyes regarded her with a strange, soft light, as he stood beside her, straight and stiff and soldierly. There was a curious dryness in his voice as he went on: "Listen, Mrs. Chesney! To hear you, who are a child, with a soul white as a lily, accuse yourself of murder makes me angry, because it shows me that you intend to spoil your life. I cannot argue with you; but I repeat that the man died by his own hand, and deserved it. It is as much your fault that he died as it was mine when I sent my sword through the heart of a Dervish who was shamming death to try to knife me. Until yesterday, Mrs. Chesney, I had a possession that I prized above all others—that was my honour. Despite what the world has no doubt dinned into your ears, there was no smirch upon it; but I stained it for ever when I challenged your innocence—with no evil intention, believe me—to do a dangerous thing in order to win a favour that you had deigned to ask of me. It was unmanly and vile, and I most humbly ask your pardon for it."

She looked at him furtively, doubtfully; but there was no questioning the intense seriousness in his pale, kind eyes.

"If punishment should fall on anyone's shoulders for what happened last night," he added, "it shall certainly be on mine. Mine is the moral responsibility, and in true justice that is all that counts. Had I not taken advantage of your beautiful devotion to your

husband, that should have been sacred to me, I should have done what I intend to do now without thrusting into your life this unhappy interlude."

"What do you intend to do now?" she murmured.

"Help your husband; if he will let me," and, before she could speak, he added quickly, "Did you see him that night? How did he take Detmold's death?"

"He seemed stunned. He hardly realised it."

"That was how I found him at the club. But we hardly spoke to one another."

"You must not try to gloss over the danger to yourself by talking of other things," she said, with sudden vehemence. "I tell you, Colonel Joscelyn, that I will not allow you to suffer in my place."

"Please don't speak about that any more, Mrs. Chesney," he answered, with the quiet courtesy of a man who deprecates thanks received for a small service he has rendered.

"I don't think there will be any question of suffering at all. I don't suppose your husband will say anything. He will not imagine that I killed Detmold; it would be only if he suspected me that he would consider it his duty to say that he saw me in my rooms a quarter of an hour before I said I returned to them. He did not mention the subject."

She looked at him in pathetic silence. Her brain was tired; it had held too many sensations. It seemed hard to believe that this tall man in a grey frock coat, who had laid a shining top hat and a pair of immaculate grey gloves on the table, was doing anything more extraordinary than paying a call. Everything was so normal about him; about the room, with its flowers and books; and, as the shaded light softened the ravages of the too, in her face, she looked very ordinary, too, in her elegant white linen gown, with a basket on the table beside her, and a pair of big scissors, with which she had been going to cut flowers for her father-in-law's oratory when Paul Joscelyn came in. And yet these two people had met together to bury for ever

in their hearts and minds the secret of a man's death. Martia was too utterly worn out to persist in that fruitless discussion as to who should bear a punishment that had not yet been meted out. Her impressions were losing their sharp outlines; even the image of the dead man, that had not left her for one single moment since she had seen him fall, became blurred. She stared at Paul Joscelyn with the vagueness of physical exhaustion in the gaze of her beautiful grey eyes.

He moved to take up his hat and go.

"I believe," he said, gently, as he might have spoken to a child, "that you could sleep now, if you tried."

She shook her head. "I don't think I shall ever sleep again."

He came nearer. There was a great tenderness in his voice; but it was the mighty and yet delicate tenderness such as one might imagine in the voice of Nature as she hushed a sad, tired child of man to sleep.

"Oh, child," he pleaded, "don't ruin your life! Don't brood over it, or you will drive yourself mad! Let me bear all the blame; all the burden. My shoulders are strong enough. How shall I ever be able to atone, if you let it spoil the rest of your life? Take up some work of expiation, make some atoning sacrifice if you must. Pray, and fast, and deny yourself. Those are outlets for the soul. But don't brood!"

He moved away again. She looked at him; it seemed to her that he looked as if he would give his soul to be able to wipe out yesterday. It was strange how her attitude towards him had changed. He had been quite a stranger to her yesterday morning, a man who had inspired her with no feeling but a slight contempt. In the afternoon, when he had made his bargain with her, she had been filled with a fiercer contempt. With one sentence he had convinced her that all the evil stories about him were true; and with her scorn had mingled a burning desire to show him that she was not afraid of him, though she was only one of those weak creatures created, as he imagined, to provide him with sport.

To be Continued To-morrow.



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CHAPTER I.

For six complete months the village of Pamiers had been without a sermon; the tiny church was locked up, whilst the old janitor devoted his time to sleep.

Perhaps the priests thought the community too small for their spiritual attention, just a motley collection of some nine hundred peasant folk.

Truly, if the offerings of a people to their church are in any way representative of their virtue, the goodness of the Pamier folk left very much to be desired. The wine shop was universally full if the church was empty, and the local authorities dealt with malefactors in a listless fashion. The worthy souls believed largely in the frailty of human nature. No one appeared to be happy in the neighbourhood except Pierrot, but he was joyous enough for a hundred doleful souls.

He sang and danced from dawn till eventide, with quip and crank he darted in and out of the little shops, up and down the big hill which led to the big cities, and when the sun had gone and darkness set in no one cared if Pierrot were there.

Gossip averred that he read ponderous books through the long night, and was very learned; he roused up the lazy janitor, and rated him soundly for a sorry scoundrel; and brought him red wine by way of consolation. He angered the shop people by preaching on the wickedness of dishonest dealing and Sabbath trade; and spent much money at their little establishments. He remembered well the last visit of a priest, the virtue of the people some seven days after, and said he would visit the Cardinal's chateau to remind him of their present sorry state.

Trudging clumsily along the janitor found Pierrot seated in the shade of a huge elm tree with a great book upon his knees.

"How now, you sorry old man—do you want more jests?"

"Laughter! Ah! There is naught else that soothes my conscience."

"Then laugh while you may, for the priest will put a stop to thy folly very soon now."

"The priest!" gasped the clumsy fellow.

"What manner of priest comes here?"

Pierrot closed the volume with a bang, and shook the janitor soundly.

"Look you, now, to-day I go to Paris. To-morrow at eventide I shall bring a priest. The village needs him sadly. I can't stop laughing when I think of the people's wickedness."

"What priest will you bring, Pierrot?"

"Father Ambrose."

"Shall I warn the people?"

"Yes, and clean up the church. Tell the shopkeepers that if they attend not the service, Pierrot withdraws his patronage; tell the girls likewise, that to absent themselves is to disgrace me."

"You esteem yourself, hugely, Pierrot."

"And why not, old man? I amuse the people by day, and preach to myself by night. What fellow can do more?"

An hour later Pierrot met Marcelle, a pretty, vain girl, and told her of his mission.

"Lay aside your bangles, Marcelle, and prepare for church to-morrow."

"I know, Pierrot, everyone talks of nothing else. They are all quiet, the villagers, they are afraid."

Pierrot rolled on the grass with joy.

"Then the church will be full for Father Ambrose."

"Pierrot!" —

"Well?"

"Take me to church with you?"

"If I chance to meet you on the way; I shall be there, anyway, if I can stop laughing."

"I shall feel more inclined to cry, Pierrot."

"Then I shall laugh the more; you look best with tears in your eyes, Marcelle."

CHAPTER II.

Early next morning, Pierrot, amid the brown hedgerows and rosy sunshine, danced into Pamiers, and aroused the old janitor in the wine shop.

"Wake up, idiot! I have been to the Chateau, and what think you?"

"I am too tired to think, Pierrot."

"Well, the worthy priest has taken a leaf out of your book, tired to death with the wickedness of men."

"I am glad in a sense."

"No such fortune, you lazy dog. I've found a better man. He'll be here at sunset."

"Good Heavens!"

"Rouse yourself and rouse the people. Landlord, the shutters up within an hour."

The event excited a small panic as the news spread. The girls donned their daintiest confessions and chattered incessantly. The men gathered in clusters and spoke of the new excitement. As the day grew weary, and the sun sank slowly, a figure in sombre cassock was observed on the brow of the hill, commencing its descent. The old janitor rang the bell, several hundred folk wended their way to the old church, whilst beautiful woodland nature and the pure music of birds' song heralded the advent of the new priest.

An impressive figure he made in the oaken pulpit, a kindly, intelligent countenance, with face white and weird, like unto some padre of ancient France, risen from the grave.

The people scarce breathed as he spoke, the voice was beautiful and mellow. A couple of workgirls hysterically giggled, the white face looked pained, and a hush of reverent awe came over the church. The old janitor stumbled from the belfry, grumbling, snarling, and became transfixed as he caught the words from the priest.

A quiet discourse it was—grave, fearful advice; a warning from another world; nothing of cant or noise; an old man just pleading for better living and finer character.

If every lad and lass, every man and woman, would try to be unselfish and honest to the utmost tittle, then would the happiness of the community be increased one hundred-fold.

The shop people thought of their dishonest dealings, and wondered if the old man knew; the silly girls called to mind their bangles and symbols of folly in life, striving to hide them in the folds of their costumes. Marcelle turned her face downwards as she pictured an

adventure with the young Boissot the previous night, and was frightened as she recalled the price of the gifts she wore. Even the janitor rated himself as the vision of his stock of red wine came into his mind.

"Good people," continued the quaint, grim figure, "I wonder if a thought is given in this place to the poor—the very poor, and those aged souls dwindling their last days away without a meal. How can you be gay and happy with this misery in your midst? Men of Pamiers, why not live quietly for just one week and help an aged mother without living son. Girls, forget vanity, and abandon foibles of dress for seven days and feed a few tiny babes. I will come again soon and ask you what you have done! It is, oh, so selfish, to reserve all the pleasures of life without giving aught. The end of selfishness, so complete as yours, is terrible. When the end does come, and you are at rest in the little churchyard, shall the people pass and chatter of your gaiety, and shall an old man or tiny child kneel in tears and pray for your blessing?"

In this simple strain, the discourse continued and was finished. The offertory boxes were, oh, so heavy, and the people of Pamiers went quietly to their homes. It is said that many men knelt with their wives to pray that night for the first time, and that every father brought home dainties and toys for the children after his toil the next day.

In the beautiful, still night, the peasants looked from their windows and beheld the priest ascend the hill back to the big city.

In a small attic, at midnight, a figure rolled upon the rug and shrieked with joy. Too tired to laugh, Pierrot began to cry: "Oh, my! what a strange world; the priest is incapable and the fool must preach! I nearly laughed a dozen times, they looked so grave, the people!"

He flung open the lattice, and surveyed the quiet village; he tumbled on the cot and shook with glee; he sat on a stool and bent his face in his hands.

As the people slept, observed of none, Pierrot knelt and thanked God for the wisdom of a fool.

Harry J. Robinson.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

"WHEN I AM GONE."

Say, wilt thou think of me when I'm away,
Borne from the threshold and laid in the clay,
Past and forgotten for many a day?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,
Further each year from thy vision withdrawn,
Thou in the sunset and I in the dawn?

Wilt thou remember me when thou shalt see
Daily and nightly encompassing thee
Hundreds of others, but nothing of me?

All that I ask is a tear in thine eye
Sitting and thinking when no one is by.

Dean Alford.

£100,000 FOR READERS

OF
THE "DAILY MIRROR."

A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000.

In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital involved in entirely novel methods, by which the readers and private advertisers will co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

£500 FOR A POSTCARD.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present our first

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—
Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, CARMILITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

CHAPTER II.

Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper, and the last to go. The obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circulating. We propose to spend little on canvassing and circulating, but to invest a large sum of money in presents for distribution among the private advertisers themselves.

Every private advertiser calling at 15 and 16, New Bond-street, after twelve o'clock to-day will, until further notice, receive a valuable gift, but no present will be given until the advertisement has been proved to be bona-fide.

The price of the following advertisements is twelve words, or less, for 1s. 6d., each additional word 1ld.

Houses to be Let or Wanted.	Cooks Wanted or Wanting Places.
Flats to be Let or Wanted.	Housemaids Wanted or Wanting Places.
Secretaries Wanted or Wanting Places.	General Servants Wanted or Wanting Places.
Governesses Wanted or Wanting Places.	Cookchambers Wanted or Wanting Places.
Housekeepers Wanted or Wanting Places.	Grooms Wanted or Wanting Places.
Butlers Wanted or Wanting Places.	Chauffeurs Wanted or Wanting Places.
Valets Wanted or Wanting Places.	Kitchenmaids Wanted or Wanting Places.
Footmen Wanted or Wanting Places.	Still-room Maids Wanted or Wanting Places.

and all requiring servants or servants requiring places.

The Book of Fish Sauces

White Fish Sauce, Oyster Sauce, Anchovy Sauce, Hollandaise Sauce, Caper Sauce, Cardinal Sauce, Shrimp Sauce—

and numerous other delicious Fish Sauces are included in the Booklet, "Simple Fish and Vegetable Sauces," to be had for 1d. from Brown and Polson (Dept. E.), Paisley. It contains over 30 valuable recipes by the well-known Cookery expert, Ch. Herman Senn, with practical hints for Fish and Vegetable Cooking.

Mr. Senn says :—"I have succeeded in producing by the aid of Brown and Polson's 'Patent' Corn Flour, sauces which are superior in appearance, consistency, and flavour to those made with ordinary flour."

COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS."

The FINEST TONIC and Restorative in the World.

Over 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.

A BULWARK AGAINST INFLUENZA.



COLEMAN & CO. Limited, Norwich and London.

Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

(Please mention this paper.)

"KEEP YOUR BILLS DOWN!"

WELSBACH MANTLES and BURNERS are tested before leaving the works and impressed with the TRADE MARK "AUR."

Sold, with Warranty, by all Stores, Gasfitters, and Ironmongers.

MANTLES - - - 6d. each
KERN BURNERS (in six sizes) from 2s. 6d.

Welsbach Mantles

OKTIS CORSET SHIELDS

PATENT



DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSET

Simple invention, yet priceless for comfort and wear. Corsets keep good to the last. The OKTIS Corset Shields greatly assist the perfect fit of the gown, prevent any ridge, and ensure a graceful curve at the waist, whilst they do not increase its size. Made with Zairoid and guaranteed rustless. Of all Drapers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

JAMES ELMY & CO.,
163, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

FOR CHEAPEST AND BEST SELECTION OF EVERY FURNISHING REQUISITE IN CHINA, GLASS, AND FARTHERWARE.

ENGLISH CHINA TEA SERVICES.

(40 Pieces) In Pretty Light Blue or Coral, from 9s. 11d.

DINNER SERVICES.

(52 Pieces) Choice Design in Dark Blue, 18s. 9d.
Pink, or Green.

A Large Selection of Royal Worcester, Doulton, and other Vases; also Epergnes, &c., suitable as Presents for all seasons.

Carriage Free.

Packages Free.



AMERICAN STOVES.

Send for 100 page Illustrated Catalogue of Stoves of every description for Coal, Gas, Oil, Gas, &c., free. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

W. POORE & Co's American Stove Stores, 238, Chapside, London.



The CONNOISSEUR.

THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.

FIVE CHARMING PLATES

Presented with the NOVEMBER ISSUE.

I/- Just Out. I/-

when your servants know how easy it is to clean silver, electro-plate and nickel with **Plato Silver Polish**, which gives a bright polish after just a little rubbing, they will save time and extra work by using it every cleaning day.

when you know that **Plato** means silver on the worn parts, as well as polish, you will always have some in the house.

Follow directions carefully, then good results are certain. Grocers and Oilmen keep it. Get a trial bottle to-day for 1/-, post free.

The PLATO COMPANY,
2, Tudor Street, E.C.

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR MANUFACTURING CO.
Claim to be the Cheapest and Best Firm for Transformations Fringes, &c.



Tails of Pure Hair, 20 ins. long, weighing 1½ ozs., 5/-
Large Sized Fringe Nets, 2/- per half doz.

Ladies should not hesitate to send for our 1/- LUSTRE & CATALOGUE No. 3 (post free) direct from—

Our Pompadour, price 6/6.
The Universal Hair Manufacturing Co., 84, Fenchurch Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
TELEPHONE—513 DEPTFORD.

PAINLESS ELECTROLYSIS

By kind permission of the inventor, an eminent surgeon, MRS. SEYMOUR is now using a new Electrolysis needle (the only one in England) which leaves NO MARK.

Fee 10/6 each sitting.

HYGIENIC TREATMENT of the FACE, NECK and ARMS.

Consultation and Advice Free.

Sedina Powder for Eczema, 1/6 and 3/- Eyelash Oil, 1/- Seymour Skin Emollient, 3/6

All Toilet Specialities, Booklet, "Hints to the Gentle Sex," Post Free.
Mrs. SEYMOUR, 124, NEW BOND ST.

OLD TEETH

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive the very best value should apply to the manufacturing dentist, Messrs. Browning, 11, Fawcett Street, London, W. Best value per return, or other made—13s. Oxford Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS.

IMPORTANT.

REVERSIONS, LIFE INTERESTS, LEGACIES, ANNUITIES, INTERESTS IN CHANCERY FUNDS.

Mortgages or Purchases, large or small, promptly arranged on fair terms. Immediate assistance afforded. Difficult cases dealt with. Advances to married ladies. Call or write for advice. No fees unless business done.

GRANT & CO., 225, Strand, Law Courts, W.C.

By Royal Warrant

TO
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

CEREBOS

TABLE SALT

While common salt is only a seasoning, Cerebos Salt is, in addition, a Splendid Food.

Used at table and in cooking, it is not only dainty and economical, but it makes all the food more strengthening because it contains the Bran Phosphates (absent from White Bread) out of which Nature forms Nerve and Brain, Bones and Teeth, and Healthy Blood.

Sold by all Grocers.

Manufactured by CEREBOS, Ltd.,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

Amongst a host of articles of wide and general interest to all dwellers in the country and those interested in outdoor pursuits THE CURRENT ISSUE of

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HOW I MADE MY COUNTRY HOME.

BEGONIAS IN THE GREEN-HOUSE.

ENGLISH AND IRISH HUNTING CONTRASTED. By

MAIN TOP.

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